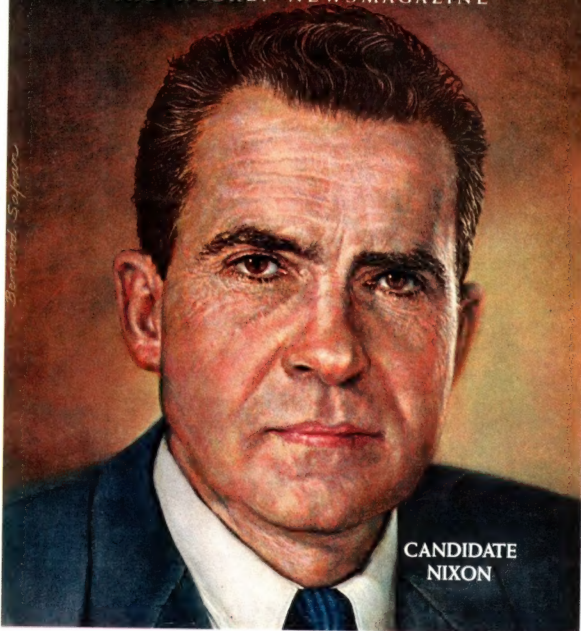


TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

OCTOBER 31, 1960

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



CANDIDATE
NIXON

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VOL. LXXVI NO. 18



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LETTERS

Facing the Nation

Sir: My hat is off to Jack Kennedy on the Great Debate. He is effectively forcing Nixon to acknowledge the errors of the Eisenhower Administration by showing what should have been done in the past.

LLOYD J. CAMPBELL

Mount Pleasant, Mich.

Sir:

As an independent, I am increasingly impressed by John F. Kennedy's performances. Certainly he is a "Jack Be Nimble" who jumps over candlesticks unsinged. After the spellbinding, however, close examination reveals him as a master of the ambiguous statement, able to weave loopholes and cobwebs into a pleasing fabric on every issue. A smooth politician? Certainly. A great leader? Doubtful. My vote will probably go to Mr. Nixon as a man big enough to admit a fault and wise enough to correct it.

HAKLAND GERBER

Racine, Wis.

Sir:

Candidate Nixon claims that America is the strongest nation in the world. Candidate Kennedy states that America may well not be the strongest, that we have some work to do. To Mr. Nixon I refer some time-honored advice from St. Paul: "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." *

KELLY GLEASON

Madison, Wis.

Sir:

One thing we must give Mr. Kennedy credit for—he aims to appease. Quemo's surrender would resemble Munich and achieve the same results. How often must we learn?

MICHAEL H. RAUDENBUSH

Northridge, Calif.

Sir:

Something is obviously wrong in our Government, be it Democratic or Republican, when we spend millions on an island (Formosa) thousands of miles from our shores and lose one (Cuba) just 99 miles south of Florida.

V. J. SCOGIN

Slidell, La.

Sir:

Shame on Senator John Kennedy of Boston, "the home of the bean and the cod," for downgrading beans! That ought to cost him the Boston vote.

HELEN LEE WOODWARD

Wellesfleet, Mass.

Sir:

After watching Rounds 1 and 2 of the Kennedy-Nixon debates, I have come to this conclusion: the best thing to do would be to elect both Nixon and Kennedy as co-Presidents. It would be terrible to lose the talent and ability of one of these individuals upon his defeat.

PETER A. KARPOPOULOS

Watertown, Mass.

Sir:

We're truly in a sorry fix
Twixt Kennedy and Dickie Nix.
So, faced by this selection shoddy,
Write in your choice and vote "Nobody."

JOSEPH A. METZGER

Philadelphia

* I Corinthians 10: 12.

Little Brother

Sir:

Your Bob Kennedy story induces me to feel: "To hell with the oldtime political bosses, their values and ways!" Let us battle with Bob and his boys for a better, more brotherly, more orderly and organized world of tomorrow.

CARL MOSIG

Arlington, Texas

Sir:

As a lifelong, convinced, prejudiced Republican, I cheer your epithet "Little Brother Bobby." I, however, two-edged, it should induce every thinking Democrat to place an X on my side of the ballot.

MRS. WALTER B. COLLINS

South Duxbury, Mass.

Sir:

I can't understand why someone doesn't point out that due to Bob Kennedy's incompetence, James Hoffa is running loose today. If Jack's little brother shows the same incompetence in handling Jack's campaign that he did in investigating Hoffa, big brother won't get one electoral vote.

L. F. CUSHENBERY

Oberlin, Kans.

Sir:

The combination of your Bobby Kennedy cover and the account of electoral-vote distribution has undoubtedly prompted many private tally sheets.

As for my own, I don't think it takes a Bobby Kennedy to see a minimum of 320 and possible high of 385 electoral votes for Brother Jack. Care to go out on the limb with me, Bobby?

W. R. WESTON

Limestone, Me.

The Religion Issue

Sir:

I write as a Presbyterian. This issue of religion is nothing short of ignorance.

Repeatedly, Senator Kennedy has taken various oaths to uphold and protect our Constitution; when he voluntarily joined the U.S. Navy, when he entered the U.S. House of Representatives and the Senate. The same Constitution that Mr. Kennedy has sworn to uphold is the one that states and guarantees that no religious test shall be made against anyone running for public office. Protestant ministers are preaching that Roman Catholics are influenced in political matters—ha! These ministers know their influence, and they are using it—using it to get votes for Dick Nixon!

GARY R. BAKER

Akron

Sir:

Let me assure you that Southern Protestantism is no less a political machine than the accusations it hurls at Catholicism. As a former Southern Protestant (Southern Baptist) for 21 years, I have seen school boards and city governments infiltrated by the religious "machinery" of the Southern Protestant churches—all in the name of religion, of course.

Their so-called "separation of church and state" doctrine is far from a reality. To attempt to disguise bigotry and prejudice under the pretense of "being religious," as some of the Southern Protestant ministers do, is the epitome of hypocrisy pushed to dogmatic lengths.

WILLIAM HUDSON

New York City

The Hardy Breed

Sir:

Thanks for your article of Oct. 17 that deals with Baptists in general and Southern Baptists in particular.

Baptists are a peculiar breed, and I have told Jewish rabbis, "You'll never understand Baptists. They will never persecute people of other religious faiths. They persecute one another." Personally, I think that's good for all concerned. It makes the Baptists a hardy people. Also, where there are two Baptists, you always have three opinions.

I have been a Baptist minister for 30 years and thoroughly enjoy the work. It has been said that if you can be a Baptist minister for 20 years, you can stand anything.

(THE REV.) MERRILL C. SKAUG

Eagle Baptist Church

Eagle, Idaho

Sir:

Please allow me to correct an error in your story on Southern Baptists. I am a native Kentucky. I was reared in Paducah, the town made famous by Irvin S. Cobb, Alben W. Barkley and the "Duke of Paducah." Thanks for your pretty fair appraisal of Southern Baptists.

(THE REV.) J. D. GREY

First Baptist Church

New Orleans

P.S. I don't simply "smoke cigars"—I smoke good cigars!

Freedom of Propaganda?

Sir:

One of our broadcast companies provided Mr. Khrushchev, our self-declared moralist, with a forum from which to distort history, attempt to confuse us with half-truths and lies, belittle our Government and our way of life. The thin excuse that their broadcast was necessary or excusable in order to prove we have a free press or to disclose the perfidy of Mr. K. is spurious. The only result that could possibly come from giving him a free entry into our homes would be to confuse the immature, some of the less informed or the woolly-minded.

G. C. KLEIN

San Francisco

Sir:

As a voting citizen and a taxpayer and an unwilling contributor to the maintenance of most of our television programs, I am outraged at the audacity of television station WNTA-TV in ignoring our Government's request not to put on a television show with Khrushchev. We have professionals to debate with Khrushchev; the outcome of Susskind's debate with Khrushchev was inevitable. Susskind floundered like an amateur and almost made Khrushchev's standard line of propaganda sound new and sincere.

T. GARDNER HILL

Glen Cove, N.Y.

In Tune

Sir:

In reference to an item about me in the Aug. 15 issue of TIME: The paragraph dealing with my [harpischord-making] business suggests a fly-by-night operation, turning out inferior instruments with inferior materials to realize a quick profit in the manner of shady operators. To initiate the fly-by-night atmosphere, the word "run-down" loft is used. The loft building in which I am situated has the lowest fire insurance rate of any non-sprinklered building.

Next comes the phrase "mass-produced," which is equated in the public mind with junk. There is the same amount of patient hand labor on my instruments as there is on those of Challis, Hubbard, et al. Since I

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3. If you've decided that a Monthly Investment Plan might suit you, and when you've selected a stock that seems to meet your objectives, open an account. After that, you can send all your payments by mail.

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specialize in small instruments, however, I am able to turn out more per year than they. As for the Ivaloid plastic keys, this refers merely to the covering, exactly the same covering as is now used by Steinway. The keys are made of wood.

WALLACE ZUCKERMANN

New York City

Radical Conservative

Sir:

The appointment of Stan Evans as editor of the Indianapolis *Voice* again accents the stupidity of our educational system. Imagine Evans being *magna cum laude* and still believing McCarthy was "in the main correct." Oh brother! Undoubtedly, he regurgitated his American history dates. But how about the philosophy and traditions of this great nation?

ELLIS W. ROBERTS

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Sir:

My faith in TIME's policies of impartiality and objectivity was reaffirmed when I noted the excellent coverage of M. Stanton Evans in your Oct. 10 issue. To know that such a talented young man is a spokesman for conservatism gives me new assurance that not all of my generation have been duped by welfare statist or Lord Russell pacifists.

ANNETTE Y. COURTEMANCHE

President, Undergraduate Association
Molloy Catholic College for Women
Rockville Centre, N.Y.

Prop Replaced

Sir:

In your story on the magnificent Ford Foundation matching grants to five U.S. universities, you refer to "rich" and "wealthy" Stanford. Boy, do you ever make the job of raising the 3-for-1 matching dollars tough!

Stanford is indeed rich in many things—a fine faculty, an eager student body, a lovely setting—but not in money. Thanks for all the kind things you said about Stanford, but please don't knock the props from under us.

GENE K. WALKER

President, Stanford Associates
Stanford, Calif.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

"By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight," said Ralph Waldo Emerson, "we all quote." In reporting the course of contemporary history, TIME quotes by necessity, because the things that people say reveal much about what is going on in the world. And we also quote by delight. Some examples in this week's TIME:

"He couldn't stand to live with her any more because she wore so much cold cream on her face at night that her head would skid across the pillow and hit him in the head. He is now contemplating a new skidproof face cream." See EDUCATION, *Against IQs*.

"These cats are solid." See BUSINESS, *Akwaaba, Satchmo*.

"The fella I got on third is hitting pretty good and I know he can make that throw, and if he don't make it that other fella I got coming up has shown me a lot, and if he can't I have my guy and I know what he can do." See SPORT, *Exit Casey*.

"Until you get bawdry, you won't get lyricism. Until you get lyricism, you won't get live theater." See SHOW BUSINESS, *Strasberg-on-Avon*.

"It is easy to pooh-poo the fact that the Party of the Right is now the largest student party in the Political Union at Yale, but it's very important." See PRESS, *My Voice on the Right*.

"After the 'Appassionata' you should play nothing." See MUSIC, *Debut to Remember*.

"I would rather be seen nude than in curlers." See EDUCATION, *Weeding the Ivy*.

"If any of you first-team boys sulk about being put on the second team and don't play well there, we'll see

how you like it on the third team." See SPORT, *Coach Ben*.

"The days of the Sunday afternoon intellectual ghetto are over." See SHOW BUSINESS, *News That's Fit to Tape*.

"There are millions of people who don't want to be first, who believe first place is too crowded." See BUSINESS, *The Real Brand X*.

"The electron microscope is like the monkey wrench on the garage wall; what you do with it is the important thing." See MEDICINE, *Prize Wheel*.

"Other countries may offer you discoveries in manners or lore or landscape; Greece offers you something harder—the discovery of yourself." See BOOKS, *Adrift on a Wine-Dark Sea*.

"Hi ho, ho, hum. I sit at my desk with my mongrel dog at my left foot, and Ooka, my pet chimpanzee, playing with my shoelaces. A goat is walking on the roof." See FOREIGN NEWS, *The Wanted American*.

"King, where is your crown? I thought all kings wore crowns." See PEOPLE.

"Many women must resign themselves to a less-than-satisfying marriage, for social reasons." See MEDICINE, *Kinsey Revisited*.

"Most good men are bad choosers and all the best are married." See BOOKS, *Sacred & Profane*.

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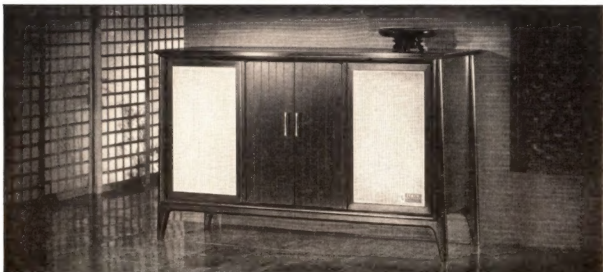
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE CAMPAIGN

Falling Leaves

Examining the tree leaves last week, nature lovers read the autumnal message written in color in the falling foliage: "Jack Frost was here." There was a comparable message to be read by the leaf rakers in the candidates' camps, but the delight was hardly as universal. It read: "Jack Kennedy Was Here."

Inhaling the crisp autumnal political air, Democrats around the country sensed victory. Kennedy was more exhilarated and confident than ever. His sweep into New York City last week was a Niagara of ticker tape and enthusiasm. By contrast, the Republican mood was spotted with dark worries. Dick Nixon's entrance into New York hardly got any notice. He spent the few days before Debate No. 4 holed up in his Waldorf suite, chairing strategy sessions, and making no effort to match crowds in Democratic Manhattan. Evidence of the Kennedy surge was growing: the polls and the reporters showed that New York State (45 electoral votes) has moved into the Kennedy column (see box). For Nixon and Lodge the word from California (32 votes) and Texas (24 votes) was more heartening. But the total picture was more uncertain for them than at any time in the campaign.

Tired Rerun. The cumulative effect of the TV debates only served to underline the Nixon lag. Last week's go-round gave the Democratic candidate yet another chance to exhibit the Kennedy charisma—the smile, the cataract of words, the repeated promise to move forward—that has put Nixon at a disadvantage before the Big Eye. Debate No. 4 in itself gave little new substance to their views, though, as before, the tension of the confrontation made the occasion dramatic. The inflexible format and generally inept questioning by TV newscasters produced a disappointing, almost high schoolish, rerun of oft-stated positions and oft-used phrases on both sides.

On the Cuba question, Nixon called Kennedy's assertion that the U.S. ought to encourage an anti-Castro revolt "prob-

ably the most dangerously irresponsible [statement] that he's made in the course of this campaign," and one that might lose the U.S. its friends in the U.N. and Latin America, perhaps lead to civil war and an "open invitation to Mr. Khrushchev." Kennedy countered that the U.S. economic embargo of Castro was too little and too late. And even though both Kennedy and Nixon now agree substantially on the Quemoy-Matsu policy, Nixon still wanted to hear Kennedy say, "I now

that reason, he has contributed to any lack of prestige."

Dead Mike. Kennedy rejoined with a flash of fire: "I really don't need Mr. Nixon to tell me about what my responsibilities are as a citizen. What I downgrade, Mr. Nixon," said he, "is the leadership the country is getting, not the country. You yourself said to Khrushchev [in the famed Kitchen Debate], 'You may be ahead of us in rocket thrust, but we're ahead of you in color television.' I think that color television is not as important as rocket thrust."

Shaking a forefinger at the Vice President, Kennedy insisted again that he shares Administration views that Quemoy-Matsu is a sore point with the U.S. Cried he, in the one moment of greatest heat: "I challenge you tonight to deny that the Administration has sent at least several missions to persuade Chiang Kai-shek's withdrawal from these islands!" As Kennedy completed his sentence, viewers saw Dick Nixon speak, but heard nothing, for his microphone was off. "I'll do better," Nixon started to say. But then he was cut off by the moderator.

Pep Talk. When the debate was over, each man departed with hardly a word to the other. For the two weeks remaining in the campaign, each had set a grueling windup program for himself. Both were off on their final drives in the key Midwestern states. Each had to deal in his own way with the wind-whipped campaign foliage—the religion issue, the direction of U.S. economy and foreign policy—that seemed to hover stubbornly, like leaves that are swept from draft to draft and never seem to come to rest.

With Jack Kennedy moving ahead, the heavier concern rested with Dick Nixon. In California last week, President Eisenhower had a quiet pep talk for nervous local Republicans: "I've been through a number of these campaigns, and there comes a time toward the end when the opposition looks 14 feet tall and everyone takes alarm. But pessimism never won a battle."

What he said was heartening to Republicans: the fact that he found it necessary to say it was a measure of national G.O.P. concern.



GREAT MOMENTS IN MEDICINE

will depart, or retract my previous views. I think I was wrong in 1955. I think I was wrong in 1959"—and as Nixon spoke, the TV cameras switched to a grinning Kennedy, a grin which better than words indicated how little he felt inclined to oblige.

On the everlasting question of whether U.S. prestige is at an alltime high or alltime low, Nixon accused Kennedy of weakening the U.S. image by harping on its failures. On "every one" of Kennedy's criticisms, declared Nixon, the Democrat has been "wrong—dead wrong. And for

DEMOCRATS

Jaunty Candidate

Ticker tape drifted over Broadway in vast, swirling clots. All the way to City Hall it sifted onto the block-deep mob that surged past police barricades, shoved between cars of the motorcade, slowed the parade to a hesitant crawl. Atop the back seat of an open convertible rode Jack Kennedy, grinning, waving, reaching out to touch one after another of the forest of hands: Wife Jackie sat beside him in white coat, hat, gloves and wide-eyed wonder at the crush ("It felt like the sides of the car were bending"). Even Mayor Robert Wagner, whose good Democratic organization had helped get out the crowds, recoiled like the sorcerer's apprentice at the milling million. Said Jackie, tugging at Jack's sleeve as he grabbed a microphone to make a speech: "Make it fast, Jack, make it fast—they're having a difficult time with the crowds."

"I Love Him." It was the kind of difficulty that Jack Kennedy was learning to enjoy. Earlier in the week, in such Republican precincts as London, Ohio (pop. 6,000; registered Democrats: 380), he drew a surprising curbside turnout. One man held his young son high overhead for a clear view and shouted to the boy: "There he is, the next President of the U.S. I love him, I love him." Kennedy, relaxing with evident self-assurance, joshed the Londoners with effect: "There's a terrible rumor that this is a Republican community. I'm sure it's not true." They liked it.

Kennedy's toughest chore of the week

was to address the annual American Legion convention in Miami. Most Legionnaires remembered that in speaking against a Legion-sponsored veterans' pension bill in 1949, Kennedy said on the floor of the House: "The leadership of the American Legion has not had a constructive thought since 1918." Noting wryly in passing that he had "learned a good deal about the Legion, especially since 1949," Legionnaire Kennedy then delivered a call for stronger defenses—suggested an airborne SAC alert, called for a crash program for Polaris and Minuteman missiles, a jet airlift for the country's conventional armed forces. Judging by applause, the Legion rated Jack Kennedy as its third choice—behind J. Edgar Hoover and Dick Nixon, who made headlines with a speech proposing a U.S. veto of any future admission of Red China to the United Nations and an economic "quarantine" of Castro's Cuba (next day, as if by prearrangement, the State Department ordered a U.S. embargo on shipments to Cuba—see THE HEMISPHERE).

Like Casey. In Manhattan, Kennedy had another audience which, somewhat surprisingly, was not on his side. When he turned up for the annual Alfred E. Smith Memorial Dinner at the Waldorf (a politician's command performance) in black tie and found Nixon in white tie and tails, he seemed so comfortable that Nixon was moved to comment that whichever man won the election would outlast the agony of full dress. In his speech, Kennedy produced some spirited quips. Only the host, Francis Cardinal Spellman, he said, could have brought together at the same ban-

quet table two political leaders "who have long eyed each other suspiciously and who have disagreed so strongly, both publicly and privately—Vice President Nixon and Governor Rockefeller." He went on to crack to this knowledgeable audience that Casey Stengel's firing was proof that "perhaps experience doesn't count."

The \$200-a-plate diners had already made it plain in their welcoming ovations that they were enthusiastically pro-Nixon. And on an applause meter, Nixon, who gracefully shelved partisan politics for the evening, came out ahead. But the pattern remained the same. Kennedy looked and talked like a man who knew he was in the lead and was willing to take a few irreverent chances.

While Nixon dropped out of the public eye for three days, Kennedy stayed on the move, savoring the loud encouragement of enthusiastic crowds around New York whenever he stepped outside. New York's police commissioner wisely refused to play the usual numbers game about the Broadway ticker-tape parade, but agreed it might be the biggest since Lindbergh in 1927. On other days, thousands waited through heavy rain to see Kennedy in suburban Yonkers, thronged against his 15-mile motorcade through Brooklyn. At first, opponents had put the enthusiasm in the Kennedy camp down to the Kennedys' characteristically aggressive confidence, then rated the enthusiasm as just hand-wagon psychology, finally conceded that the spirit was based on a clear expectation of victory. Kennedy workers cautioned one another against overconfidence. Kennedy himself, observed New York Post columnist Murray Kempton, acted "as though the campaign were over and there remained only the thanking of the troops."

ISSUES

Faces of Bigotry

Folded into all 1,300,000 copies of an issue of the United Auto Workers' weekly tabloid *Solidarity* last month was a provocative four-page insert calculated to catch the eye of each of its estimated 5,000,000 readers. Its cover page was alive with a drawing of a sheet-hooded, club-carrying Ku Klux Klanner standing menacingly next to the Statue of Liberty. Caption: WHICH DO YOU CHOOSE? LIBERTY or BIGOTRY. Printed inside was the full text of the rousing speech by U.A.W.-endorsed Jack Kennedy to Protestant ministers in Houston.

For three weeks the U.A.W. proudly stood behind its work, and even ordered reprints—until the independent Detroit *News* last week broke the first report of it. President Eisenhower took it up, and it became a national uproar.

Memories of McCarthy. "Unfair," complained the Michigan Fair Election Practices Commission. The Democratic-leaning Washington *Post* denounced it as "sheer demagoguery . . . bigotry in the guise of anti-bigotry." A Detroit *News* editorial compared it to "the McCarthy tactic of yelling 'Communist' every time anybody disagreed with the Wisconsin Senator's



KENNEDY MOTORCADE ON LOWER BROADWAY
The sorcerer's apprentice couldn't stop them.

UPI

ideas or methods. Today the too common practice is to holler 'bigot' at anyone in the opposite camp."

The U.A.W. retreated. President Walter Reuther protested that he had not seen the leaflet before publication, ordered distribution stopped. *Solidarity* went on the presses with a windy editorial offering regrets for any "misinterpretation." An A.F.L.-C.I.O. spokesman divorced the parent union from the leaflet. "It's a U.A.W. baby, and that's it." *Solidarity* Managing Editor Henry Santiestevan glumly admitted to a tactical error: "There were other ways we could have gotten Nixon."

God's Own Way. But if Republicans could make an issue out of reverse-twist bigotry, Democrats could make an issue out of a fresh wave of anti-Catholicism from Protestant fundamentalist areas.

A Senate subcommittee wanted to question Texas Oil Millionaire H. L. Hunt, 71, possibly the biggest of the Big Rich, and a man far to the right of McKinley. There were reports that he had put up the money to distribute 100,000 copies to Protestant clergymen around the nation of a violently anti-Catholic, anti-Kennedy sermon by Dallas Baptist Minister W. A. Criswell, who has the biggest white Baptist congregation in the U.S. (It is illegal to distribute a political tract without identifying the source.)

Sharpest assault of all was being mounted by the National Association of Evangelicals, embracing 18 fundamentalist denominations with a claimed membership of 10 million. It has urged its member ministers—some 28,000 in all to states—to deliver anti-Catholic sermons on next week's Reformation Sunday, which commemorates the beginning of the Protestant Reformation in 1517. Tinny "campaign" buttons are being circulated, each bearing a gold cross and the inscription: 1517—Reformation Sunday, Oct. 30, 1960. Church members will be urged to wear them through Election Day as "simple and unobtrusive Protestant identification."

"The Secular Attempt." Last week the General Council of the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. carried one of the few notes of sane balance on the religion issue. In one of its rare pronouncements the council voiced "outrage and concern at the exploitation of the religious issue in the campaign, which has caused the American people chiefly to hear extremists. The General Council resents equally:

"(1) the secular attempt to make churches appear irrelevant to American life.

"(2) the current efforts to make Protestant convictions appear to be bigotry, and

"(3) the propaganda implying that Roman Catholics are irresponsible citizens."

Then the council repeated the stand that its general assembly adopted last May: "It [is] the duty of all citizens to examine a candidate's position on important issues of public policy, including those relating to the separation of church and state; it is an act of irresponsible citizenship to support or oppose a candidate solely because of his religious affiliation."

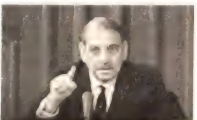


ARCHBISHOP DAVIS
A veto for voters.

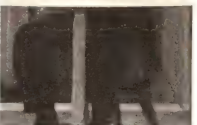
Fuss in Puerto Rico

The one charge in the argument over church-state relationship that Jack Kennedy has worked hardest to beat down is that the Roman Catholic Church has a moral right to interfere in political decisions—telling its members how to vote, or its communicants what to do in office. Last week the point was abruptly revived in sharp specifics—not by evangelical circuit riders spreading bigotry, but by the Roman Catholic bishops of Puerto Rico, two of them born and raised in the continental U.S.: San Juan's Archbishop James Davis (Tucson); Bishop James McManus of Ponce (Brooklyn).

In a pastoral letter ordered to be read



MON.
LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN



A. Muñoz—San Juan Star
GOVERNOR MUÑOZ MARÍN
A blast for bishops.

in the island's 479 churches this Sunday, the bishops denounced reform-minded Governor Luis Muñoz Marín's Popular Democratic Party (no kin to the U.S. Democratic Party). "It is our obligation," they wrote, "to prohibit Catholics from giving their vote [in the island's Nov. 8 election] to a party that accepts as its own the morality of a 'regime of license,' denying Christian morality..."

"It is evident," the bishops noted, "that the philosophy of the Popular Democratic Party is anti-Christian and anti-Catholic, and that it is based on the modern heresy that popular will and not divine law decides what is moral and immoral. This philosophy destroys the Ten Commandments of God and permits that they be substituted by popular and human criteria."

As evidence, the prelates cited the lack of religious training in public schools and Muñoz Marín's "anti-democratic attempt to limit clergy solely to religious functions." The bishops did not indicate what ecclesiastical penalties might be dealt out to the many islanders who presumably will ignore the prohibition. Asked point-blank if it would be a sin to violate the injunction, Archbishop Davis said it would not.

Clinics & Training. Three-term Governor Muñoz Marín, who was brought up a Catholic but seldom attends Mass, has long been at odds with the bishops. The principal quarrels are over birth-control clinics, instituted by Muñoz predecessors but continued by him, and his refusal to grant public school children time off for religious training.

Last summer fiery Bishop McManus helped organize a new Christian Action Party, which he urged all Catholics to support. Caught in a squabble over the validity of the signatures it collected to get on the ballot, the party stands little chance of keeping well-liked Governor Muñoz Marín from his fourth term. Even so, Muñoz was still angry enough to denounce the bishops' letter as an "incredible medieval interference in a political campaign," promised to bring up the bishops' conduct with Vatican officials after the election.

Right & Duty. It seemed doubtful, despite the fuss, whether Muñoz Marín would get much relief from the Vatican. Last winter, at a diocesan synod of Rome (TIME, Feb. 8), Pope John XXIII asserted the right and even duty of the church to advise the faithful on how to vote in elections. In practice, the Vatican seems to prefer that this right be exercised with great restraint by the hierarchy of the United States, to which the Puerto Rican bishops belong. But 90% Catholic Puerto Rico, though a part of the U.S., has a Spanish-speaking population and Spanish traditions, and is considered by Rome and by the island's bishops a part of Latin America, where prelates are more active and less discreet in politics.

When the Kennedy camp got word of the Puerto Rican bishops' prohibition, they worriedly sought advice from Roman Catholic theologians. The advice: no



CAMPAIGNER EISENHOWER IN SAN FRANCISCO
Above the battle, but on one side.

Roman Catholic prelate in the continental U.S. is likely to issue an open contradiction, but few are likely to agree with the Puerto Rican action. Press Secretary Pierre Salinger rushed out a statement on Kennedy's behalf: "Senator Kennedy considers it wholly improper and alien to our democratic system for churchmen of any faith to tell the members of their church for whom to vote or for whom not to vote." Thus, once more Candidate Kennedy had helped blaze a trail for American Catholics in their evolving effort (TIME, Oct. 10) to get the church-state relationship in a democracy clarified once and for all.

THE PRESIDENCY

Nonpolitical at Work

Officially, Dwight Eisenhower's cross-country tour last week was nonpolitical—but seldom this year has his personal political magic seemed to work so well. Everywhere Ike visited last week—Michigan, Minnesota, Kansas and California—onlookers responded to the President's ready grin and two-armed wave with the kind of heartfelt affection that neither Jack Kennedy nor Dick Nixon (nor any other living U.S. politician) arouses. In San Francisco, a cheering, confetti-hurling noonday crowd of nearly 250,000 gave him the city's warmest welcome since General Douglas MacArthur came home from Japan in 1951. And Ike, almost visibly proud of his drawing power, loved every minute of it. Many could be heard to say that he could be re-elected today.

The question in politics is whether such popularity can be transferred, and how to go about it. The President's method was to lure independent and Democratic voters with an above-the-battle appeal that nonetheless made clear what side of the battle Ike was really on. Last week's trip was Ike's idea alone: yet the itinerary and the themes of his major speeches

were carefully cleared and approved by Nixon's campaign managers.

"Extremists & Evil Propaganda." In Detroit, his first jet stop, Ike began way above the battle, though after careful briefing by Press Secretary Jim Hagerty on the United Auto Workers' crude anti-biothy pamphlet (see Issues), he lashed out at "extremists" and "evil propaganda" that besmirched America's name.

But his major address, before a galaxy of industry brass assembled at Cobo Hall for the 43rd National Automobile Show, was a philosophic essay on the nature of U.S. capitalism. His major points: wealthy U.S. allies must do more to help underdeveloped nations, particularly through the United Nations; underdeveloped countries should not forget that the outstanding fact of U.S. capitalism is not its material prowess but its unique sense of social responsibility.

Ike soon took off his nonpartisan gloves. Arriving in Minneapolis next day, the President had a warm greeting for Republican Mayor P. Kenneth Peterson (running an uphill fight for Senator against Democratic Incumbent Hubert Humphrey). To 2,000 people who braved the gusty morning chill, Ike then launched into a spirited defense of his Administration and U.S. prestige, ended with a barely disguised appeal for Dick Nixon's election: "I hope most of you will come to the inauguration to see the next man inaugurated as President—the man of our choice." Ike then flew off to dedicate the new \$3,200,000 Hiawatha Interstate Bridge at Red Wing, Minn., looked in briefly at the still-building Eisenhower Library at Abilene, Kans.

"Misguided People." After a day of golf and rest at Palm Springs, Calif., the President landed at Treasure Island for his spectacular motorcade through San Francisco. There, before 1,000 dinner guests at the Commonwealth Club, Ike strode wide and deep into the campaign

with an all-but-personal telecast attack on Jack Kennedy's charges against the Republican record. "When in the face of a bright record of progress and development, we hear some misguided people wail that the United States is stumbling into the status of a second-class power and that our prestige has slumped to an alltime low, we are simply listening to a debasement of the truth."

All but spelling out Nixon and Lodge by name, the President then said that the nation needs "experienced and mature leadership"—not a leadership that "insists upon agitating small points to the neglect of the nation's true good." No one had any doubts about the leaders he had in mind. "How lucky we are," he had told a reception for Republican Party chiefs, "to have two such people as Dick Nixon and Cabot Lodge on our ticket in the presidential race."

To help out his ticket, the President announced in Palm Springs later that he was "going into the political field Nov. 2." Ike's entrance: a motorcade into Manhattan with Nixon and Lodge, followed by a party rally at the New York Coliseum, a nationwide TV broadcast.

At week's end hard-swallowing California Democrats were demanding equal TV time to answer the President's broadside—and impudently wondering aloud whether the \$38,000 jet-borne cost of Ike's "nonpolitical" tour ought really to be charged off as a legitimate Government expense.

POLLS

Gallup Throws Up His Hands

Most pollsters see the Kennedy-Nixon race as about as close as a boy with an ice-cream cone, and most are as undecided on the outcome as that huge group of "undecideds" who confuse the statistics. Last week Pollster George Gallup all but threw up his hands. "Unless this situation changes markedly between now and November 3," he said in Chicago, "no poll has any scientific basis for making a prediction."

Gallup, who claims a 1.7% total error for his presidential predictions since 1948 (despite the fact that, with certain exceptions, his intrepid clip-board artists poll only 1,500 people in a nation of 181 million¹), admitted that he would be lucky to come off with a 4% error this time. Reasons: 1) the religion issue "helps and hurts," 2) there is a marked lack of enthusiasm for either candidate, and 3) the popular vote, as polled so far, is so close that a small change in either direction could mean an electoral landslide. Along with the familiar "don't knows," poll-takers have discovered a new category that might be called the "ain't telling" vote.

Lest his customers think that he is throwing in the pencil, Gallup later declared that he would keep on polling right up to election time, warned nervously that voter opinion has a way of shifting in the closing days of a campaign, as Gallup sorrowfully learned in 1948.

¹ Gallup uses a sample of 7,000 in his final pre-election poll.

REPUBLICANS

Candidate in Crisis

(See Cover)

Into the battleship-grey conference room of the drab Bond Hotel in Hartford, Conn. last week walked Presidential Candidate Richard Nixon. Running Mate Henry Cabot Lodge, and such top campaign lieutenants as Labor Secretary James Mitchell, Attorney General William Rogers and Interior Secretary Fred Seaton. The men took their places around a long table, posed for press photographers. Then aides shoofed the newsmen out, the doors closed, the smiles faded, and the Republican campaign team got down to the serious business before it: settling on strategy, tactics and schedules for the last, decisive weeks of the campaign.

Nixon lieutenants read off hopeful reports based on a survey of Republican leaders around the country, but a grimness hovered over the meeting. Only three weeks before the showdown, Richard Nixon's campaign was in trouble. His basic campaign theme—maturity and experience to cope with Khrushchev and keep the peace—had failed to stir any surge among the voters. The whiff of recession in the autumn air was weakening the second half of the G.O.P. "peace and prosperity" claim. Most worrisome of all was the mounting evidence of a wide Roman Catholic swing to Democrat Jack Kennedy in the big industrial states. The Kennedy camp, groaned a Nixon aide after the huddle in Hartford, "has cohesed the Catholic vote in a bloc more successfully than we had supposed was possible."

Early Rounds. At the start of the campaign, Nixon men would have dismissed as preposterous a prediction that three weeks before the end Nixon would be slipping behind, with omens of defeat swirling about him. The strange 1960 campaign has gone through three distinct phases. After the confused wrestling at the Democratic Convention in Los Angeles, with the idealistic Stevensonian liberals outraged by what they considered the Kennedy steamroller tactics, the Republican Convention in Chicago conveyed an impression of unity, earnestness and respectability. Nixon's acceptance speech went over with the TV audience a lot better than Kennedy's, with its ill-advised rewriting of Lincoln, his "malice for all" gibe at Nixon. Kennedy's choice of Texan Lyndon Johnson as his running mate seemed clever power politics at the time, but failed to stir any enthusiasm in the South, or anywhere else. Cabot Lodge, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, was Nixon's second choice—when Rockefeller would not take the job—but proved a first-rate one, strengthening the ticket's appeal, reinforcing its claim to superiority in foreign policy experience.

Round 2 was the August rump session of Congress. Kennedy and Johnson were outmaneuvered by Eisenhower's veto threats and outvoted by a coalition of Northern Republicans and conservative Southern Democrats. When the session ended, Candidate Kennedy had a look of failure and ineptness upon him.

Positive Thinking. Then, in mid-September, the luck of the campaign changed and dealt Nixon's prospects two jolting blows. First came the flare-up of the religion issue. Mindful that a massive Roman Catholic shift to Kennedy in the big-electoral-vote Northern states could swing the election, Nixon gave orders down through the ranks that the religion issue was not to be mentioned. But a group of 150 Protestant clergymen and laymen headed by New York's Dr. Norman Vincent Peale (*The Power of Positive Thinking*) met in Washington to toss a headline-making anti-Catholic manifesto into the campaign (*TIME*, Sept. 19). The manifesto led to Kennedy's dramatic confrontation with the Houston ministers, and

bated with Kennedy on a public platform back in 1947, when they were both freshman Congressmen, and recalled him as a tough antagonist. "Everyone expects me to wipe up the floor with this guy," Nixon said before the first debate. "But it's not going to be easy to do."

If Norman Vincent Peale's bomb was Nixon's worst piece of inherited bad luck in the campaign so far, the agreement to debate with Kennedy on TV was his own worst tactical mistake. Though Nixon drew even with Kennedy in the later rounds, the four encounters together helped Kennedy enormously—not so much by weakening Nixon's public image as by strengthening Kennedy's. Before the debates, after 7½ years as Vice Presi-



Associated Press

CANDIDATES LODGE & NIXON IN HARTFORD
Under the gun and a time to count votes.

gave the Kennedy forces a golden opportunity to exploit the religion issue in Catholic (as well as Protestant) sections of the U.S., by running and rerunning the film. From the Peale manifesto on, conservative Catholics, who leaned toward Nixon, began to move into the Kennedy camp—carrying with them many a vote-heavy urban center out of the 1956 Republican column.

The second heavy blow was Nixon's poor showing in the first TV debate with Kennedy. A combination of fatigue, inept makeup, and a me-too approach (abandoned soon afterward), plus the resourcefulness in argument and forcefulness of character that Kennedy showed, made Kennedy the winner on the TV screens (many radio listeners, hearing the voices only, thought that Nixon won).

Republican party chieftains were staggered by the effect of the first debate. Knowing that Nixon had been a champion debater in high school and college, recalling his easy platform conquests in his California campaigns for House and Senate, Nixon men had confidently expected their man to give Kennedy a decisive trouncing. Nixon himself was less cocky. He had de-

bated, Nixon was far better known, and though he had many detractors, seemed a man of much greater maturity and experience—though their age difference is only four years (Nixon is 47, Kennedy 43). About Kennedy most voters knew little more than that he was boyish looking, rich, and an efficient operator. If Nixon had never agreed to the debates, Kennedy would not have had the opportunity to prove, before a nationwide audience, that he is Nixon's match in quickness of mind, decisiveness, and resources of combat.

Plenty of Advice. The grim effects of this change of fortune became more apparent to Nixon as he moved into New York City for three days of conferences and huddles in his Waldorf-Astoria suite prior to his TV debate. Not only was Kennedy surging in the big-vote eastern states and winning adulation in the streets, but the Nixon camp itself was showing its first signs of gloom and discouragement. Gone was the confident prediction that Nixon would win or lose in one big sweep—the win to be based, hopefully, on his clear superiority in leadership of the cold war battle. Instead, the Nixon forces were regrouping for a dogged state-

NEW YORK: Anatomy of a Key State

THE man who takes New York's 45 electoral votes is already one-sixth of the way to victory. The state is traditionally Republican in presidential races, though Native Son Franklin Roosevelt carried it four times. Dwight Eisenhower in 1956 swept Adlai Stevenson out to sea by 1,500,000 votes. No other state quite matches New York's size, political tensions and racial-religious groupings. But basically the same building blocks, juggled and rearranged, make up the political structures of most of the other key industrial states where the 1960 election will be won or lost.

Mostly Democratic New York City has 40% of the voters, its mostly-Republican suburbs have 20%, and the remaining 40% are "upstate"—in a green and generally Republican fruit-and-dairy farmland dotted by a few grey and generally Democratic cities. Last week *TIME* Correspondent John L. Steele made soundings in all three areas, reported that Jack Kennedy stands to carry New York by a margin ranging from 250,000 to 500,000 votes.

The City

New York City's five boroughs, the nation's heaviest concentration of population, in 1956 cast 3,300,000 votes—against 3,500,000 for the rest of the state. Thus the key figure is this: a Democrat must usually capture a 700,000-vote majority in the city to breast the upstate Republican tide. (Adlai Stevenson carried the city by a humilatingly low 69,500 in 1956.)

This year the local Democratic organization is Balkanized —the Eleanor Roosevelt rebels do not talk to Tammany Hall Boss Carmine De Sapio and the other organization regulars—but all sides heaved together under Kennedy direction to ring out a record 3,622,000 registration of voters. Compared with 1956, registration is up 40,000 in The Bronx, 58,000 in Manhattan, 105,000 in Brooklyn's Kings County, all of which went for Stevenson. Yet the greatest gain of all, 115,000, came in Queens, which has not voted for a Democratic presidential candidate since 1936. Politicos figure that most of Queens' new registrants are immigrants from Democratic Brooklyn and The Bronx.

New York City itself is a conglomerate of minorities that make up a majority. The city's Irish-Catholic population, 1,000,000 strong and predominantly Roman Catholic, swung against Adlai Stevenson, partly out of the appeal of McCarthyism and doubts about Stevenson's firmness against Communism. The religion issue seems to have brought back most of them to the Democrats. Last week Pollster Samuel Lubell reported: "More than half the pro-Eisenhower Catholics interviewed in Brooklyn, Manhattan and Queens talk of voting for Senator Kennedy." As for the city's 2,400,000

Jews, their vague uneasiness about Kennedy (partially because his father, as U.S. Ambassador to Britain, opposed U.S. entry into the war against Nazi Germany, and partly because of Jack Kennedy's own tardiness in denouncing the late Joseph McCarthy) is balanced by a vague equating of Nixon with McCarthy (and helped out by the word that he signed the standard deeds with "restrictive covenants" when buying homes in Washington and Whittier, Calif.). Historically Democratic (some 70% for Stevenson in 1956), the Jews are expected to go largely for Kennedy.

Oddly, Kennedy's religion may hurt him somewhat among the 980,000 Negroes, for most of them are Baptists who heed their preachers—and who are not unaware that their toughest battles for housing have come in Irish and Polish Catholic neighborhoods. New York Negroes voted 79% Democratic in 1952, then slid to 63% in 1956. Even though the Baptist pastor of Harlem's biggest church, Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, is a latter-day Kennedy man, the Democratic majority among Negroes is expected to erode some more this year, but it should still be a Kennedy majority.

The Suburbs

Traditionally rich and two-thirds Republican, the commuter suburbs are changing. Huge middle-class migrations from the city in the past decade have doubled the population of Long Island's Nassau County to 1,300,000 (bigger than Baltimore), while the size of neighboring Suffolk County has increased by 140%, to 660,000. The newcomers drive Chevrolets instead of Cadillacs, and some 60% are Catholics.

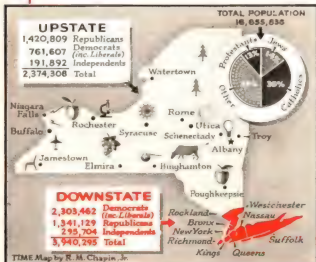
Voter registration has grown by a third since 1956, and its fruits hang mostly on the Democratic tree. Nassau's most reliably Republican First Assembly District gained the fewest new voters in the county, its most heavily Democratic Fourth District had the most pickups, and Democrats have been whittling Republican majorities in local races. In Nassau's Oyster Bay, home of Teddy Roosevelt and now of Nixon Campaign Chairman Len Hall, the Democratic tide in local elections swelled from 28% in 1952 to 46% in 1958. In all, the suburbs are expected to carry for Nixon by margins much lower than in 1956.

Upstate

Republican tradition goes with Nixon upstate, but the issues of recession and religion are against him in cities where Catholics are many and jobs are scarce.

Unemployment has crept above 6% in Buffalo, Albany, Schenectady, Utica, Troy, Amsterdam. In Buffalo, the far-off issue of Quemoy-Matsu means less than the close-to-home issues of unemployment compensation, minimum wage, medical aid for the aged—and religion, for Buffalo is 60% Catholic. Rochester, which has voted for the presidential winner in ten consecutive elections, has a newly vigorous Democratic organization, important labor, sizable groups of Jews and Negroes; a big Catholic vote—all favoring Kennedy. In Catholic areas, Democrats have put to good use the film of Jack Kennedy's stand in the lions' den of Houston Protestant preachers. Stunned one G.O.P. leader in Rome, N.Y.: "Every time one of those blankety-blank Southerners opens his mouth about the Catholic Church, we lose 20 votes for Nixon up here."

Upstate's well-to-do dairy farmers are predominantly Protestant, devoutly Republican, and no friends of Democratic-favored high-farm-price props (which would only boost their bills for feed grain). In many a county that Ike carried by some 70,000 votes, Republican leaders are banking on the rural surge to put Nixon over—by about 20,000 votes. And this year 20,000 is not enough. Nixon will probably fall far short of the 300,000 to 1,000,000 Republican votes that a Republican needs to offset expected downstate Democratic pluralities.



by-state battle for votes, prepared to stick to Nixon's experience theme for all it was worth but equally ready (along with the Democrats) to work such local issues as farm support in the Midwest oil depletion in Texas, aid for depressed areas in states of rising unemployment.

In huddles with such Republican leaders as New York's Governor Rockefeller, Tom Dewey, Herbert Hoover and Publisher Roy Howard, Nixon aired his problems. One sign of Republican worry was the barrage of advice, some of it flatly contradictory, that poured in on him. Among other things, advice givers urged him to:

❑ Hit harder, in direct, personal attacks on Kennedy.

❑ Halt direct, personal attacks on Kennedy and stick to a high-toned foreign-policy-is-the-issue approach.

❑ Take a firm G.O.P. line and stop trying to sound both liberal and conservative.

❑ Bring Ike more directly into the campaign, perhaps by staging joint Ike-Dick parades in New York and Chicago.

❑ Break away from Ike—to create an independent image of strength instead of hanging onto Ike's coattails.

Plunge into Bathos. Nixon is something of a fatalist and no stranger to tight spots. No spot could be tighter than the tense moment in the 1952 campaign when he was caught in the uproar over a Nixon trust fund and found not only Democrats but Dwight Eisenhower's lieutenants ready to throw him off the ticket. Completely on his own, he delivered his well-remembered nationwide TV speech in which he laid bare his personal finances and mentioned, in a plunge into bathos, that the only gift he ever had accepted was the little dog Checkers. The Checkers speech became a monument to political corn, but the oft-forgotten fact was that it brought Dick Nixon such a landslide of popular support that Ike promptly welcomed him back to the team as "my boy."

For all the well-known high points of his campaign biography—son of a hard-pressed Quaker family in Whittier, Calif., who worked as a youngster in his father's grocery store—Dick Nixon as a young man never seemed minted for the kind of pulling, hauling and mauling that have marked his political career. After graduating from Quaker-run Whittier College in Depression-haunted 1934, Nixon studied law at North Carolina's Duke University for three poverty-pinched years. Though he got elected president of the Duke Bar Association in his last year, none of his fellow students expected him to go into politics. Recalls Basil Lee Whitener, a member of Nixon's graduating class (1937) and now a Democratic Congressman from North Carolina: "He was no smiler then, quite the contrary. Like most others, I figured he would wind up doing a wonderful job in a big law firm, handling securities or other matters that need the attention of a scholar, not a politician."

Nixon's fondest hope after graduation (third in his class) was to land a place in New York's famed Sullivan & Cromwell, where John Foster Dulles, later Secretary

of State under Dwight Eisenhower, was the top active partner, but Sullivan & Cromwell was not taking on any fledgling lawyers from unprestigious law schools that year. Nixon headed back to California, joined a law firm in his home town of Whittier. The woman who was the firm's secretary back then recalls that Nixon often stayed at his desk right through lunch hours: "He was always sending me out for pineapple malts and hamburgers. He just about lived on them." Then, as the campaign biographies have never failed to relate, while trying out for a part in an amateur play, Lawyer Nixon met Nevada-born Thelma Catherine ("Pat") Ryan, teacher of shorthand and typing at a Whittier high school. On



Associated Press
WITNESS CHAMBERS & FRIEND (1948)
An alert ear heard perjury.

their first date, to her astonishment, he told her that he was going to marry her. And two years later, he did.

South Pacific Poker. For a while, in 1942, Nixon worked in the Office of Price Administration in Washington, a period that helped shape his wariness toward Big Government. "I came out of college more liberal than I am today," he said not long ago, "more liberal in the sense that I thought it was possible for government to do more than I later found it was practical to do."

Nixon wrestled down his Quaker scruples about military service, spent a year and a half in the Pacific as an officer in the Navy's Air Transport Command, constructing airstrips on jungle islands. Overcoming another Quaker scruple, he learned poker. He played a careful game, kept one of the stoniest poker faces in the South Pacific, and "seemed always to end up a game somewhere between \$30 and \$60 ahead," a wartime friend recalls.

Dogged Pursuit. Well-known is the story of his being invited by Whittier friends, shortly after V-J day, to run for Congress against New Deal Democrat Jer-

ry Voorhis. His big victory over Voorhis (won partly because he induced Voorhis to engage in a series of public debates and thus elevate Nixon to prominence) landed him in Congress with another freshman, one John Fitzgerald Kennedy of Massachusetts. Kennedy loped along in anonymity; Congressman Nixon hit the nation's front pages during his very first term. As a member of the House Un-American Activities Committee, he was present when ex-Communist Whittaker Chambers testified that Alger Hiss, sometime high State Department official, had been a Communist spy during the 1930s. Hiss's denials convinced the other committee members—but his legalistic evasions caught the alert ear of law-trained Richard Nixon. Nixon doggedly pursued the investigation as virtually a one-man committee. Many an ardent Nixon admirer firmly believes that the Democratic liberals' real hatred of Nixon stems not from his insinuating style of debate but from the fact that the Hiss case shattered so many of their postwar illusions about the Communist "wave of the future."

Sprung to fame as the nemesis of Alger Hiss, Nixon ran for the Senate in 1950 against liberal-wing Democratic Congresswoman Helen Gahagan Douglas (wife of Cinemactor Melvyn Douglas), defeated her in what he called a "rocking, socking campaign." It featured Nixon's documented allegation that her voting record resembled that of New York's Communist-lining Congressman Vito Marcantonio—a charge originally hurled at Candidate Douglas but by Nixon but by an opponent in the Democratic primary.

Conservative Radical. Tied to Richard Nixon in the 1950 battle was an epithet that he has not quite managed to shake loose: "Tricky Dick." The Nixon that his friends know is not the stab-fingered persecutor with the five o'clock shadow that the cartoonists draw. To counter this impression, Nixon, who is essentially a reserved and private man, has made a "Dick and Pat" campaign that is quite unlike his unextroverted personal life. The Tricky Dick legend obscures Nixon's private scrupulousness, which leads him to turn over to charitable organizations every cent of the thousands of dollars he has earned for paid speaking engagements during his years as Vice President. The Tricky Dick haze has also obscured Nixon's public philosophy. A persistent liberal accusation against him is that he is "innocent of doctrine," that he has "no ideas, only methods." But over the years Nixon has built up a consistent record on public issues.

During his first term in Congress, Nixon showed himself to be, in the positions he took, a sort of pre-Eisenhower Eisenhower Republican: conservative on the central domestic question of the role of government in national life, liberal on civil rights, internationalist in foreign relations. As a Congressman, he took several stands that the Eisenhower Administration later adopted and translated into law: civil rights legislation, statehood for

Alaska and Hawaii, construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway, relinquishment of federal claims to control of the tidelands. As a freshman Congressman, Nixon supported Harry Truman's program of aid to Communist-menaced Greece and Turkey, and he has remained a steadfast backer of foreign aid.

On domestic questions, Nixon held as a Congressman basically the same Republican view he holds today: that the role of the Federal Government "should be a supporting role, supplementing and stimulating rather than supplanting private enterprise." Nixon sometimes speaks of himself as a "radical" in the goals he wants the U.S. to reach in standards of living, in health, in education, in opportunity for the young and security for the old. Where

Vice President Nixon has never had any authority to make policy decisions: the Constitution vests the entire executive power in the President. But Nixon nevertheless helped to shape policies by influence and argument, and many times Ike has had to call on Nixon to get Republican support for Administration bills in Congress. The Administration's devotion to foreign aid over the years is partly traceable to Nixon's influence. In October 1957, Nixon was the first member of the Administration to say publicly that the Soviet Sputnik, which the admiral in charge of U.S. Navy satellite research had dismissed as a "hunk of iron," represented a serious challenge to the U.S.

As the highest man in the White House councils with practical political savvy, he

ed with a trying situation, in which even the appearance of undue self-assertion might have seemed a grabbing for power. Nixon conducted himself with poise and modesty, presided at Cabinet meetings from his customary chair instead of from the President's. When he had to confer with Cabinet officers, he went to their offices instead of asking them to his.

Nonetheless, in 1956 Sherman Adams told Nixon that it might be better if he took a Cabinet post rather than stand again for the vice-presidency. Later on, Ike himself suggested that it might help Nixon's political career to serve in a Cabinet post. Nixon seriously considered quitting Government, but abandoned the idea and told Ike that he preferred to run for Vice President again. Adams was toppled into ignominy in 1958 by the Goldfine affair, and Nixon found firm White House support from Adams' successor, Wilton B. ("Jerry") Persons, a genial Alabamian, and from ever influential Jim Hagerty.

Ike himself was much impressed by Nixon's conduct during the heart-attack crisis, his courage in the face of Communist-led mobs in Lima and Caracas in 1958, and his steadiness in the famed "kitchen debate" with Khrushchev in Moscow last year. Early this year, Ike made it clear that he wanted Richard Nixon to succeed him in the presidency.

Cold Rejection. Ike's endorsement was all Nixon needed to assure him the Republican nomination: GOPoliticians had made up their minds for Nixon long before. He won their unshakable loyalty by campaigning hard for G.O.P. congressional and gubernatorial candidates in the off-year elections of 1954 and 1958. Over the years, Republican professionals had come to look upon Richard Nixon, rather than Dwight Eisenhower, as the leader of the Republican Party—and much of the talk of a "new Nixon" evolved from the fact that Nixon grew in stature as he came to accept this responsibility. When Nelson Rockefeller, with his impressive against-the-tide victory in New York State in 1958 and his magic way with crowds, set out with hopes of winning the G.O.P. presidential nomination, he met with cold and swift rejection by Republican politicians—not because they doubted his vote-getting abilities, but because they were loyal to Nixon and respected him.

Once he got the nomination at Chicago, Nixon faced a tough problem in political arithmetic: in the U.S. in 1960, Democrats outnumber Republicans by many millions. Despite Ike's vast personal popularity, a Democratic tide has brought about 2-to-1 Democratic majorities in both houses of Congress, a Democratic edge of 33 to 17 in governorships. Public-opinion polls and voter-registration tallies indicate a basic Democratic majority of roughly 7 to 5. "To win," said Richard Nixon at the start of his campaign, "we have to get most of the Republicans, more than half of the independents, and 20% or more of the Democrats."

Nixon was confident that he could do that. He based his hopes on the fundamental assumption that, with uneasiness about the Communist menace and the



Elliott Erwitt—Magnum

KITCHEN DEBATERS KHRUSHCHEV & NIXON IN MOSCOW, 1959
What's good for the U.S. is good for the swing vote.

he parts company with the Democratic Party is in insisting that achievement of these goals is not the primary task of the Federal Government.

"Hunk of Iron." It was largely Nixon's unmistakable Republicanism that led Republican chieftains at the Chicago convention in 1952 to pick him from Dwight Eisenhower's short list of acceptable vice-presidential prospects. The new President was reared in the military gospel that a second in command should always be trained to take over in case of accident; accordingly decided at the start that his Vice President would sit in the councils of the Administration, learn its secrets, share in its decisions, and so be prepared to take over if the President died in office. Ike laid down a rule that when he was absent Nixon would preside at meetings of both the Cabinet and the National Security Council. Over the years, Nixon has made nine official trips abroad, covering a total of 159,232 miles, as Ike's representative. The late Secretary Dulles once said that "Dick is the best person we have, outside of the President himself, for overseas good-will missions."

found himself in occasional disagreement with Administration policy, and his situation was touchy. Sometimes he openly battled for his viewpoint in the councils of the Administration. During the 1957-58 recession, for example, he recruited Labor Secretary James P. Mitchell and Interior Secretary Fred Seaton in his losing struggle to persuade Ike that, with the 1958 congressional elections looming, the Administration should take more drastic anti-recession measures, even at the cost of further unbalancing the budget. On some issues, notably his disagreement with Agriculture Secretary Benson's farm policies and his concern over budgetary decisions and defense expenditures, Nixon decided to let the public in on his dissatisfaction by leaks to newsmen, which have sometimes reverberated.

The Kitchen Debate. Nixon did not always have an easy welcome at the White House. During the Administration's early years, Ike's peppery chief of staff, Sherman Adams, kept him at arm's length. But Nixon's standing soared during the months following the President's heart attack on Sept. 24, 1955. Confront-

threat of nuclear war widespread across the land, he could win over enough of the swing voters—the independents and wavering Democrats—by convincing them that he was better equipped, in maturity and experience, to deal with the dangerous times ahead. The need to whip up Republican enthusiasm while appearing to be above party sometimes gets him into embarrassing contradictions—as in two conflicting statements in Arizona last week, when he pledged his backing of all Republican candidates everywhere and an hour later urged voters to eschew party labels.

The Activist. All the whirl of campaigning—the speechmaking, the debaters' points on TV, the mimeographing of position papers—comes down to one question for the independent-minded U.S. voter when he goes to the polls Nov. 8. How will the candidate look in the White House? One of Kennedy's disadvantages (or advantages) is that the voter, trying to judge future performance, knows only about Kennedy what he has seen on television and what he has read about the coolly, capably run political campaign. The Nixon vision is summoned up far more easily. Already, Nixon has made it clear that he will rely on a high-level kind of staff: Vice President Lodge as coordinator of peacetime cold war, presumably Nelson Rockefeller as an occasional foreign policy adviser, a new council for economic affairs equal in stature to the National Security Council, and the active cooperation of Ike himself.

But Nixon's staff knows another side of him. Although he gathers the advice of the best people he can find, Nixon makes up his own mind and far faster than Eisenhower. Frequently he takes a completely different tack from what his advisers suggest (he has been known to change the day's campaign plans and schedules in mid-air because his ear tells him that it is time to vary the routine). Nixon acts coolly in crisis, has a good feeling for the workings of vast government and knows how to short-circuit bureaucracy. He understands Congress though he does not have a warm relationship with congressional leaders of either party. He has a strong sense of public mood, which might lead him to postpone some decisions until there is a sufficient public outcry to back him up (a favorite device of both Franklin Roosevelt and Dwight Eisenhower). He has, as yet shown no strong sense of mission like Kennedy's that might energize his administration into a flurry of activity in the "first 90 days." But Nixon is by nature an activist.

Streak of Fatalism. As he headed into the final phase of the campaign last week Nixon had apparently not yet succeeded in persuading a majority of U.S. voters that he, and not Jack Kennedy, should cope with the problems, the perils, and the opportunities of the 1960s. Nixon is convinced that the decisive lap of the campaign still lies ahead. He argues that only in the final fortnight of a presidential campaign do the undecided voters—still numerous enough to swing the election either way—make up their minds,

largely on the basis of a "last impression" of the candidates. This week, in pursuit of those still-undecided voters, Nixon will take to the rails for the first time in the campaign, make a six-day whistle-stop tour through Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois aboard the "Dick Nixon 1960 Campaign Victory Train." Evidently taking the advice of those who said he had to be rougher and tougher to win, he was already talking tougher then in his final debate—calling Kennedy's ideas "sophomoric," constituting "a pattern of conduct that should convince many Americans that they could not rest well with a man with such a total lack of judgment as Commander in Chief of our Armed Forces." Next week he will hit stops in New York, Pennsylv-

The questioners persisted. Had the meeting considered the uproar over Lodge's pledge of a Negro in the Cabinet? Had he and Nixon discussed Lodge's lunefull stand favoring federal aid to parochial and private schools? Said Lodge abruptly: "There was no controversy. Then, suddenly, he seemed to forget his waiting plane. He launched into an explanation of his position on parochial schools. Even as a Senator, Lodge recalled, he had voted for Government-sponsored bus service, hot lunches, textbooks for private and parochial school students.⁹ As for a Negro in the Cabinet, he said, he had not "pledged" anything. But "it would be a wonderful thing," he said, "to have a qualified Negro in the Cabinet." Had he discussed this with



THE NIXON FAMILY AT CHICAGO CONVENTION†
What's good for Dad can't be bad.

vania, South Carolina, Texas, Wyoming, Washington and his native California, saving the last two days of the campaign for emergency expeditions to wherever the campaign needs him most.

During the final, climactic fortnight of the campaign, Richard M. Nixon, aware that if he loses this time he will probably never get another chance to run for President, can gather some serenity from his streak of fatalism. "Political positions have always come to me," he once said, "because I was there and it was the right time and the right place." On the night of Nov. 8, he will be able to tell whether November 1960 was the right time.

Difference of Opinion

Henry Cabot Lodge seemed to be in a hurry. He burst out of his Hartford strategy meeting with Dick Nixon and only had an over-the-shoulder word for reporters yapping at his heels. "I gotta hurry or I'll miss a plane," he explained. "Besides," he added in the tone of a man who has just been set straight, "I'm No. 2 in this campaign, and I'm not trying to be No. 1."

Nixon? "No," said Lodge. Then he finally raced off for the airport.

Moments later Dick Nixon overheard reporters discussing Lodge's statement about Negro Cabinet members. "We talked about that," Nixon volunteered. "My idea would be to appoint the best persons without regard to race, creed or color." Having once more contradicted his running mate, Nixon might have liked to let the matter drop. But reporters, irked by Lodge's condescending manner, kept the controversy alive. And happy Democrats lent them a helping hand. Very suggestion from Democrat Lyndon Johnson: There ought to be a "great debate" between Nixon and Lodge.

⁹ A stand not uncommon in heavily Catholic Massachusetts. In 1949 and 1950 Congressman Kennedy unsuccessfully sponsored bills of this type. Since 1950 Kennedy has voted consistently for bills that provided no aid to private or parochial schools, and points to his stand against aid to parochial schools to prove his independence of Catholic direction.

† From left: Daughter Julie, 17, Mother Hannah, Nixon, Pat, and Daughter Tricia, 14.

FOREIGN NEWS

BERLIN

The Creep of Crisis

At times, British statesmen, like British mountaineers, seem driven to climb the summit for no better reason than because it's there. This thought struck Germany's Chancellor Adenauer last week as Prime Minister Macmillan, fresh from leading the U.N. Assembly battle against a rampaging Nikita Khrushchev, briskly informed Britain's Tories: "We must try to get back to the mood of last spring. Negotiations on Berlin and Germany must be resumed."

Harold Macmillan's airy pronouncement shocked Adenauer and strained their new-found friendship. Caught up in defense-policy differences with his European partner De Gaulle and cut off from Washington by U.S. campaign-time preoccupations, *der Alte* had taken to Macmillan during their Bonn meeting last August and vastly admired Macmillan's leonine stand against Communism at the U.N. But in the private correspondence that had begun to flow copiously between the two men, there was no hint in Macmillan's last letter that he was about to go hallooing off again for the delectable mountains. "The British," said a Bonn diplomat sadly, "just don't understand how to treat the Germans."

Drift to Indecision. Unsure of his allies, Adenauer for once faced East-West affairs with irresolution. At Berlin, the Communists were edging in on the Western position by what Mayor Brandt now called "artichoke tactics"—taking a leaf at a time. In violation of four-power agreements but obviously with Soviet approval, East German Communists have applied one small pressure after another—not against Allied personnel, not even against West Berliners, but against West Germans. For two months now, they have been determining who could and who could not enter East Berlin; and by refusing to accept West German passports held by West Berliners, they have turned the West Berlin identity card into a kind of passport.

In response to this subtle drive to isolate West Berlin from West Germany, Adenauer vacillated for weeks, then abruptly proclaimed a trade embargo against the East Germans, to become effective Dec. 31, if they did not stop harassing Berlin. In their new artichoke style, the Communists did not reply with anything so dramatic as another Berlin blockade. Instead, they called for new talks with Bonn to push their claims to be officially recognized by West Germany.

More Nibbles. As a symbolic gesture to support the claim that Berlin is part and parcel of West Germany, the West German Bundestag has regularly met once a year in West Berlin. This year's session



"WAIT! I TELL YOU WHAT I DID TO THE OTHER GUYS"

was scheduled to be held this fall, but the East Germans declared that the meeting would be considered provocative; Adenauer ordered the session postponed—probably indefinitely.

In Berlin there was gloom over the drift of events. Last week Mayor Brandt, who has always in the past opposed big-power conferences on Berlin because the West can only give something away, endorsed Macmillan's new summit call on the ground that a confrontation is needed before his city is nibbled to death. Now that Macmillan and Khrushchev have practically named the date, Berliners look for some sort of crisis soon after the inauguration of the next U.S. President.



WILLY BRANDT
Who wants to be peeled?

UNITED NATIONS

Last Words

The first man ever to take off his shoe and use it for a gavel at the U.N., last week gathered 12,000 of the faithful in the Lenin Sports Palace in Moscow and gave his candid opinion of the international body. "A terrible organization!" said Nikita Khrushchev, all but shuddering at the memory. "If you could see how the delegates behave! They get much money and spent much time in restaurants with their wives. They do not participate in work, but just sit there and wait around in case there's any voting. One important head of a delegation could not keep an appointment with me because he was too busy shopping. This is the way they defend themselves against socialism!"

Yellow Devil. In his official report on his trip, Khrushchev professed himself even more appalled at that "terrible city" of New York. "Gorky called it the City of the Yellow Devil [i.e., gold] when he visited there 50 years ago," said Khrushchev. "Since then, New York has become even more repulsive. It demonstrates the ugliness and degeneracy of capitalism." People live "as if sewing themselves into stone bags." Little children are "deprived of walking in the open fresh air. The streets are literally filled with automobiles, and the whole atmosphere is poisoned with gasoline." But like the good soldier of socialism he is, Khrushchev made light of his burdens: "We knew the American Government was not going to greet us with bread and salt. We understood when we went to New York that we would not be going to our mother-in-law to eat pancakes but to work."

Ignoring his repeated defeats at the U.N., Khrushchev claimed "considerable results" from his trip and called the Soviet anti-colonialism resolution "a great success." He blamed the West, and in particular British Prime Minister Macmillan, for the rejection of his disarmament proposals and warned with a wag of his finger: "If they would like once again to test our strength, we will show them."

In the catalogue of Soviet might that followed, Khrushchev let drop the only surprise of his speech. He accused the U.S. of "brink of war" policy for planning to send rocket submarines near the Russian coast and added, "The American generals and admirals cannot but know that our country also has submarines equipped with atomic engines and armed with rockets." U.S. experts took note of Russia's first claim to nuclear sub capacity and were inclined to believe Khrushchev. Best estimates are that Russian subs have only short-range rockets fired from the surface, still have nothing comparable to

© Khrushchev's own shopping list in New York: portable TV sets, radios, an air conditioner, three cars, automobile tires, batteries and auto freeze, all taken home on the *Dnipro*.

© An affluent society's phrase for what used to be known as salami tactics.

the U.S.'s Polaris. Possible reason for the timing of the announcement: the launching a day later of Britain's first nuclear sub, the *Dreadnaught*, powered by a U.S.-built reactor.

Who's Great? Again, Khrushchev demanded revision of the U.N. Charter. "By what right are Britain and France considered great powers and India and Indonesia not?" As for Dag Hammarskjöld: "No single person, however brilliant, is capable of expressing impartially the interests of the three groups of states [Communist, capitalist and neutralist] at once, Hammarskjöld, a Swede by birth, is a representative of the monopoly capital of the United States in his political views, and it is these he serves."

Quiet Business. Back in Manhattan, the U.N. finally got down to business. The Assembly unanimously adopted a resolution calling on all nations to "refrain from actions likely to aggravate international tensions," and agreed to a full-scale debate on disarmament and Algeria. The U.N. economic and financial committee voted 36-12 to give emergency consideration to a U.S. plan to use the U.N. as a clearinghouse for the distribution of surplus food to the hungry nations. Hammarskjöld defended his record. Members of the Congo mission, he said, had acted "as responsible men facing a desperate emergency." Still planning to stay on to the end of his term in April 1963, Hammarskjöld warned that if the office were as severely restricted as the Russians wanted, then "do not expect anybody with a sense of his responsibilities to assume the duties of Secretary-General." One by one the Iron Curtain countries, echoing Khrushchev, lined up to declare that they would not pay their share of the bill for the U.N.'s "dirty role" in the Congo. But no shoes pounded on the desks, and the chamber was so quiet it was almost dull.

ALGERIA

Helping Hands

Like giant locusts, the helicopters settled on the peaks of the Aurès Mountains, unloaded their cargo of French paratroopers. In the narrow valleys below, French infantry sweated and scrambled their way up the rocky slopes. Trapped between land and air, units of the rebel F.L.N. fought to the death or fled into the surrounding oak and pine forests. A French communiqué tersely announced that 300 rebels were slain.

Triumphant Return. Thus last week the war that has lasted six years in Algeria raged on. The French, as they have all along, claimed they were winning. They say that there are only 7,600 F.L.N. regulars in Algeria today, compared with 16,000 two years ago. But they admit that some 18,000 rebels are in little readiness across the Tunisian border, and another 8,000 camped in Morocco.

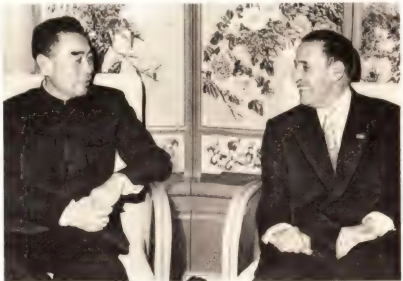
If the military news was encouragement of a sort to the French last week, the political news could only depress them. Rebel F.L.N. leaders gathered in Tunis for a meeting that had ominous overtones for

the West. Ferhat Abbas, Premier of the provisional Algerian government, was just back from a month-long visit to Red China and Russia. "Moscow gave a new impetus to our march!" he cried jubilantly. "We are now receiving the full support of Red China." Belkacem Krim, the unofficial F.L.N. observer at the United Nations, reported excitedly on his conferences in Manhattan with Nikita Khrushchev, who had finally given the rebel government "de facto recognition."

Fear or Favor. Khrushchev's act seemed motivated more by fear of Red China's getting ahead of him in revolutionary militancy than by any devotion to the rebel F.L.N. (until recently, he valued his French connections more). Last summer Khrushchev had urged a negotiated end to the war, encouraging the F.L.N. leaders to attend the abortive talks at Melun. The meeting broke down. Red China's Premier Chou En-lai gleefully told

openly. Khrushchev reportedly said: "Once you fully occupy a little bit of Algeria, however tiny it may be, victory is assured. The rest will be just fooling around." So far, Red China has only supplied cash, which enables the F.L.N. to buy weapons in the illegal arms markets of Naples, Hamburg and Antwerp.

Troubled Friends. Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba and Morocco's King Mohammed V are men steeped in French culture, and longtime friends of the West. Both have tried to serve as peacemakers between the F.L.N. and France, and this month Bourguiba desperately sent his son to Paris to make a personal appeal to De Gaulle. Young Bourguiba's message was that France must make concessions or the F.L.N. would turn to the Communists, dragging Tunisia with it. Young Bourguiba was not even allowed to talk to De Gaulle, and his father angrily recalled him to Tunis. Last week, out of patience with



F.L.N.'S FERHAT ABBAS WITH CHOU EN-LAI IN PEKING
In stalemate, a new ally.

Ferhat Abbas: "The only victory at Melun was its failure. If you had accepted or even if the French had made concessions you could have accepted, the Algerian revolution would be dead. Your reaction at Melun proved your maturity. We were afraid you would disappoint us."

In Manhattan Khrushchev hurried to get back on the revolutionary bandwagon, told the Algerians that only power counts, and proposed a two-stage assistance program. The first would be shipment of non-military supplies—which, to avoid provoking a general conflict, would be landed at allegedly neutral ports in Tunisia and Morocco. Last week the Soviet freighter *Fatezh* arrived at Tunis with a cargo of machine tools, tractors, cars, clothes and food for the rebels. The second phase is scheduled to begin when the F.L.N. can take and hold a sliver of Algerian territory from the French. Then the Soviet Union will undertake to supply the F.L.N.

De Gaulle and under pressure from the pro-Algerian sympathies of his people, President Bourguiba exploded. "Nothing will stop me from doing or accepting anything which may hasten the liberation of Algeria, even if this liberation is due to Russian initiative."

King Mohammed, who claims the rocky Mauritania desert south of Morocco as his own, was annoyed last week because France agreed to give Mauritania its independence. Mohammed promptly ordered the closing of two French consulates near the Algerian border. The announced reason was the recent French bombardment of two Moroccan villages. A more compelling, if unstated, reason was that these consular districts enabled the French to keep tabs on the movement of F.L.N. men and arms across the border.

To the south, the F.L.N. was negotiating with the left-leaning government of newly independent Mali to give them a

base for hit-and-run raids against French communication lines in the Sahara.

Practically Nothing. De Gaulle himself was still specifying across France and sounding organ notes about grandeur, strength and determination. He referred with lofty obliqueness to the F.L.N. and their new Communist ties. "Peace is at our door," De Gaulle announced. "Practically nothing stands in our way. But that 'practically nothing' is, perhaps, the ambition of a certain group, aided by the totalitarians, who may frustrate the possibilities of peace offered by France."

But the Paris newspaper *Le Monde* reflected the troubled conscience of Frenchmen faced once more by crisis at home and war abroad that could neither be won nor ended. "Certainly these Soviet approaches furnish arguments for those politicians and military men who insist that our army fights for the defense of the West in Algeria," said *Le Monde*. "But does not experience prove, on the contrary, that it is the continuation of the war which draws Communist influence to Algeria?"

WEST GERMANY

In the Master's Footsteps

One Nikita Khrushchev, fist-waving and shouting interruptions, was startling enough. Last week the prospect loomed that Soviet diplomats the world over may, at the appropriate moment, follow in his shoeless footsteps.

In Bonn, West Germany's Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard was addressing delegates of 22 African states, who had come to Germany to discuss trade and political ties. Erhard warned them against "losing your freedom," orated that "colonialism has been overcome, but worse than colonialism is imperialism of the Communist totalitarian pattern." Up from the front row of invited diplomats jumped Andrei Smirnov, the Russian Ambassador to Bonn. Waving a fistful of papers, he rushed toward Erhard shouting: "You talk about freedom. Germany killed 20 million people in our country."

The flabbergasted Erhard remarked stiffly: "I did not come here to talk to you but with our African friends." Smirnov turned on his heel and stalked up the aisle, where a German attendant, not realizing it was the Soviet ambassador, grabbed his arm and marched him out of the hall. The 60-odd Africans present remained silent. But Bundesrat President Eugen Gerstenmaier had to warn angry Germans in the audience that Smirnov had diplomatic immunity.

The West German government stiffly advised the Soviet embassy of its "regret" that the incident had occurred, but a spokesman emphasized this did not imply diplomatic apology. Since Smirnov is noted among Soviet diplomats for his even-voiced courtesy and easy charm, the German news agency D.P.A. concluded: "Smirnov could hardly have acted in such an unusual manner for a diplomat if he had not had instructions from Moscow."

RUSSIA

Have Camera, Will Travel

The two tourists seemed innocuous enough when they turned up at the Russian border on July 26. Mark I. Kaminsky, 28, of Edwardsburg, Mich. and Harvey Bennett, 26, of Bath, Me. had hired a Russian-made Volga sedan in Helsinki, and their papers stated that they planned a 30-day motor trip through Russia to brush up on their Russian. Kaminsky and Bennett had met in the Air Force in 1953; both took Russian in college. Kaminsky had landed a job as an instructor at Purdue this fall, and Bennett, fresh out of U.C.L.A., was still looking for a job.

After driving 2,000 miles across Russia from Leningrad to L'zhgorod, they tried to cross the border into Czechoslovakia at Chop. There, Russian border police told them that they were in an area closed to tourists. After spotting a camera, guards seized Kaminsky's films and



Associated Press
TOURISTS BENNETT & KAMINSKY
The sponsor was unlisted.

had them developed. They showed pictures of radar installations, military work gangs, radio antennas, railroad stations, airfields and heavy industrial installations, along with a notebook and map minutely keying the location of each picture. Kaminsky's explanation: he planned to write a book on the theme, "How Russians talk about peace but plan for war."

Strictly Educational. Since the Russian press in May began warning the Russian people to beware of American spies traveling in tourists' clothing, several earnest young Americans have been picked up and expelled for such sinister activities as distributing the Holy Bible and copies of the U.S. Information Service's picture magazine *Amerika*. But the Russians had never before had a case like this and they made the most of it. Kaminsky admitted he had no publisher,

only a \$2,000 grant from the "strictly educational" Northcraft Foundation of Philadelphia, to which he was to submit a written report when he got back home.

For days, while Bennett was detained in a Kiev hotel, Kaminsky was kept in solitary confinement and grilled up to eight hours a day. Last month the Russians put Kaminsky on trial for spying, invoking the same article of the Soviet constitution under which U-2 Pilot Francis Powers was convicted. (The Russian press called him "a Powers of the ground.") Advised by the prosecution that the government did not intend to go hard on him, Kaminsky entered a plea of guilty. Bennett appeared as a witness for the state, conceding that Kaminsky's photographs were hardly "usual" for a tourist. The military court sentenced Kaminsky to seven years' corrective labor. On appeal, the sentence was commuted to banishment.

Unwanted Publicity. Last week Kaminsky and Bennett were allowed to fly home. In marked contrast to the Powers case, Washington authorities refused all comment, insisted that the two were bona fide tourists. Though the Northcraft Foundation is not on the list of some 12,000 tax-exempt foundations recognized by the Internal Revenue Service, the State Department blandly insisted that it is an organization giving scholarships to worthy students for foreign travel, referred further queries to the foundation's Philadelphia Lawyer Alex Adelman. Adelman in turn explained that he was only the agent for a group of unnamable "Midwest" businessmen "who don't want any publicity."

The last word came from the Russians. Moscow asked the State Department to kindly use its influence to see that in the future tourism is kept separate and apart from intelligence activities.

EAST PAKISTAN

Disaster in the Delta

In the Ganges delta 200 miles east of Calcutta, there is so much more water than land that people wade or swim instead of walk, and boys paddle to school in big round earthenware pots called pikipins, with their books tucked under their folded legs. The delta's inhabitants have learned to live with such hazards as high spring tides and violent cyclones that sweep in over the Bay of Bengal at the turn of the monsoon in the fall. But this month uncounted thousands of them died in the worst storm since October 1876, when 100,000 drowned in 30 minutes.

For six hours winds that reached 80 m.p.h. smashed homes and communications in an area inhabited by 300,000 people. At Noakhali (pop. 20,000), the railway station was destroyed, and the bazaar blew away. In the countryside between Noakhali and Chittagong, whole villages were engulfed. Worst was in store.

Following the great wind, says a survivor, came "waves as big as mountains, roaring like a thousand thunderclaps."

Huts were washed away "like weeds." In a pathetic attempt to keep from being swept away, people clasped hands to form circles, with their children in the middle. There were few trees to climb to precarious safety; most trees had long ago been chopped by villagers for fuel.

The storm smashed telephone and telegraph lines so thoroughly that it was five days before the news reached Dacca, less than 100 miles away. Even so, the first government official to visit the area reported "four boys washed away," and called other casualty figures "grossly exaggerated." But last week, eleven days after the storm struck, the estimate was that the total would be "unimaginably higher" than the 5,000 dead reported on Ramgati and Hatia alone. Getting out of his Jeep to inspect some still-standing huts in the stricken region, East Pakistan Governor Lieut. General Azam Khan observed: "People must give up living in those places."

LAOS

Much for Little

The U.S. is not the only nation to find Laos a baffling place.

Only a week after he arrived amid elaborate ceremonies as the first Russian envoy to Laos, Ambassador Aleksandr Abramov sat in shirtsleeves in a seedy hotel room in Vientiane and fumed. King Savang Vatthana had pointedly declined to invite him to present his credentials. Neutralist Premier Prince Souvanna Phouma canceled the important *baci* ceremony, in which Buddhist priests were to tie a lucky string around Abramov's wrist. And Souvanna announced the "technical arrest" of Paratroop Captain Kong Le, Vientiane's military boss, on the ground that the expansive reception he staged for Abramov had been unauthorized. Souvanna did not go to the un-Laoan extreme of actually putting Kong Le in custody, but he explained that the arrest would go down as a "black mark" on the captain's record.

Basic Feeling. These gentle snubs to Russia had a soundly practical motive. The \$1,500,000 government payroll for September was way overdue. The money as usual had to come from the U.S., and the U.S. had been annoyed at Souvanna Phouma's flirting with the Communists. Last week, in the somewhat more promising atmosphere, the U.S. announced that the payroll would be met. Prince Souvanna responded by publishing a National Assembly resolution declaring that "within the country, Laos rejects and combats Communism as incompatible with its religion, traditions and the basic feelings of the Laoian people."

That left Laos about where it has been since 1954—a wobbly stake in the free world's fence against world Communism. Under the Geneva agreement ending the Indo-China war, Red China and North Viet Nam both guaranteed Laos' independence; the Communist Pathet Lao guerrillas in the north were supposed to



RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR ABRAMOV & CAPTAIN KONG LE AT AIRPORT RECEPTION
The reception was unauthorized.

lay down their arms. Stoked by the Communist Viet Minh from across the border, civil war has flickered for six years, and none of the varying parade of neutralist and anti-Communist Premiers in Laos has been able to put it down.

Pay & Patriotism. The U.S. has spent more than \$300 million trying to shore up Laos and to make it a bastion of anti-Communist strength. In few areas of the world has the U.S. spent so much for so little. Laoians happily joined the army, now 28,000 strong, but it soon became clear that the attraction was not patriotism but the pay, which amounts to roughly triple the amount an average Laoian makes farming or growing opium, the country's only cash crop. Economic aid largely disappeared in graft among Vientiane's ruling politicians, mostly related to one another, who alternate between government office and vacations on the French Riviera. Despite the U.S.'s

best efforts, the main highway out of Vientiane is still paved only as far as the tennis court of a former defense minister, eight miles out of town. There is one railroad station but no railroad. Many of the primitive Meo and Black Thai tribesmen in the back country are not even aware that a nation called Laos exists.

Last week's resumption of aid amounted to recognition of the fact that Prince Souvanna has the only government in sight. The U.S. hopes to strengthen his hand in negotiating with the Pathet Lao. But the negotiators only meet on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. In Laos no one is in a hurry.

CONGO

The Faltering Colonel

It was a bad week for earnest Joseph Mobutu, 30, the Congolese army clerk who became a colonel overnight and was now trying to run a nation. In any other revolution the boss might maintain his dignity by shooting a few enemies at dawn. But the Congo's strongman could only sit there and take it as everyone began to harass him. His control of the army was wavering, and everywhere, it seemed, there were plotters trying to push Patrice Lumumba back into power.

"Disorderly Rabbie." Out of nowhere came Cleophas Kamitatu, president of Léopoldville province and a Lumumba sympathizer. Exercising the one Western political gambit that every Congo politician has mastered, he called a press conference. To newsmen he denounced the colonel and threatened his expulsion from the region (expulsion is another political phrase that comes easily to the lips of all Congo politicians, but seldom results in any subsequent action). Mobutu's troops, he charged, were running wild in the city, staging raids and attacking the citizenry. Kamitatu warned that his own provincial police would take over if Mobutu did not keep his troops off the streets at night.



MOBUTU & TSHOMBE
The secessionist was reluctant.

Mobutu was prepared to laugh Kamitatu's words away, but to his chagrin the head of the U.N.'s Congo force backed up the provincial president. "Colonel Mobutu's army is a disorderly rabble," snapped Rajeshwar Dayal, announcing that U.N. troops would henceforth patrol the Léopoldville streets side by side with Kamitatu's police. Indignantly, Mobutu collected a hundred soldiers and some Jeeps rushed over to U.N. headquarters to protest. When he emerged, there were tears in his eyes. "The United Nations wants me to get out," he announced stiffly. Mobutu complained bitterly that Dayal was treating him like a child, and announced that he would fly to New York this week to protest in person at U.N. headquarters. It was not clear where he would find a plane to carry him.

What bothers the U.N., its officials explain, is the danger that Mobutu's regime might become a military dictatorship; they insist that the world organization cannot even indirectly support an undemocratic movement. Time after time, U.N. officials had refused to let Mobutu arrest Lumumba; now they were frustrating his efforts to put a halt to the covert activities of Lumumba's friends as well. When Mobutu's troops arrested 15 Lumumba supporters in a series of predawn raids and tried to deport most of them to far-away Kasai province, the U.N. quickly intervened and had them freed on the ground that arbitrary arrest should be discouraged.

Anger in Katanga. Early in the week Mobutu flew desperately across the Congo to seek support from Secessionist Moïse Tshombe, boss of Katanga province. But Tshombe rebuffed him; he had troubles of his own in what he now calls "Republic of Katanga." In the northern Katanga bush, hostile Italo tribesmen were burning villages and killing dozens of Tshombe loyalists. Until the U.N. neutralized much of Tshombe's army by cutting off fuel supplies and refusing it transport, Katanga troops killed scores in punitive raids on Baluba villages. Last week the U.N. moved hundreds of troops into isolated northern and central Katanga to quell the rioters. At first Tshombe agreed, but when he saw that full-scale occupation by the U.N. might wipe out his own control of the area, he too lashed out at the U.N. Object of his ire was Jan Berendsen, U.N. chief in Katanga. "He is totally inefficient," roared Tshombe. "This representative has been working with such bad faith that I consider myself obliged to demand his immediate recall." Tshombe accused U.N. Ethiopian troops of widespread looting in one isolated town, but as it turned out the Ethiopians had only appropriated a few linen sheets.

Blunt Advice. Tshombe demands that the U.N. formally recognize Katanga's independent status: the U.N. is equally determined to pull Katanga back into the Congo Republic—which can never prosper without Katanga's mineral riches. As part of the pressure on Katanga, U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld

again last week aimed blunt words at the Belgians, demanding that they cease financial and political support for Secessionist Tshombe.

Although the Belgians have pulled out their troops and technical-aid mission, Tshombe still depends on Belgian aid to keep his government going. Belgian engineers and money still operate the big copper mines, and Belgian advisers and experts on Tshombe's payroll virtually run the Katanga government departments and provide leadership for the army. Every government minister has a Belgian *chef de cabinet* to advise him on every move; more often than not, the Belgian summons the minister when he wants him, sits while he stands.



MARK HIGGINS IN AFRICA
In search of gooa.

The Wanted American

In a vague way, Mark Higgins was determined to do good in the world—just how, he was not sure. Tall (6 ft. 5 in.) and high-strung, he could not settle down to the idea of college after boarding school, and the thought of going to work in his wealthy father's steel-fabricating plant in Worcester, Mass. appalled him. He decided that a year working with Missionary Albert Schweitzer at Lambaréné in Gabon on Africa's West Coast might help him sort things out. There the work was backbreaking, but he loved the life; month after month he helped clear jungle thickets and unloaded the heavy supplies that arrived by boat. "Hi ho, ho hum, here I am in the middle of Africa," Mark wrote his mother exultantly, typing out a letter on his portable. "I sit at my desk with my mongrel dog at my left foot, and Ooka, my pet chimpanzee, playing with my shoelaces. A goat is walking on the roof."

Jeeps & Boxcars. But when he bade farewell to Dr. Schweitzer last June, Mark still could not go home. The 26-year-old youth had become interested in the World Federalists and decided he wanted to see more of the young nations of Africa. He headed south toward the Congo, planning to cross the continent to Kenya and Ethiopia, then make his way to Israel before returning to the U.S. He made his own way by hitching rides on passing trucks or jeeps, even in boxcars on the occasional trains that passed; often he slept in the mud huts of natives he had befriended along the route, shared their rude fare at mealtimes.

Mark boarded a boat at Léopoldville for the long journey upcountry just as the flames of chaos had begun to spread through the new Congo nation. "It is purely and simply panic," he wrote home in early July. "I have passed seven boats headed downstream, all dangerously loaded with fleeing [Belgian] families. I am the only passenger headed into the interior—all alone on a 32-passenger steamer." He added: "I have had only friendly reactions from the Africans and anticipate no problems . . . They ask why there aren't Americans out here where they're needed and wanted."

Terse Telegram. There was one more letter, postmarked July 25. Then only silence followed until three weeks ago when an envelope arrived from Southern Rhodesia containing some old letters and photos Mark had been carrying. Alarmed, the family pressed the State Department to open a search. A check with consulates in Kenya and Uganda, where the boy was overdue, produced no trace. Then a native arrived at the consulate in Elisabethville with grim news: a soldier of the mutinous Congolese army, presumably searching for Belgians, had shot an unknown white man near Kasongo; the body was found on a bar along the bank of the Lualaba River. At first there was hope, but last week Mark's family opened a terse telegram from Washington: DEPARTMENT REGRETS INFORM YOU . . . BODY OF PERSON IS THAT OF MARK HIGGINS.

EUROPE

Off Goes the Orient Express

The French President and a special envoy of the Sultan of Turkey were on the flag-bedecked platform at Paris *Gare de l'Est* when the *Orient Express* chugged proudly off on its maiden trip to Constantinople in 1883. On that first trip, the 2,000-odd miles took six days and six hours, what with all the border ceremonies and crowds along the track.⁹ The seats had velvet covers topped by Brussels lace, and lush damask curtains hung from the windows; the fittings were of solid oak and mahogany; on the outside of every car was a coat of arms and the proud gold lettering, "*Les Grands Express*

⁹ By 1903 it was down to a snappy two days twelve hours.



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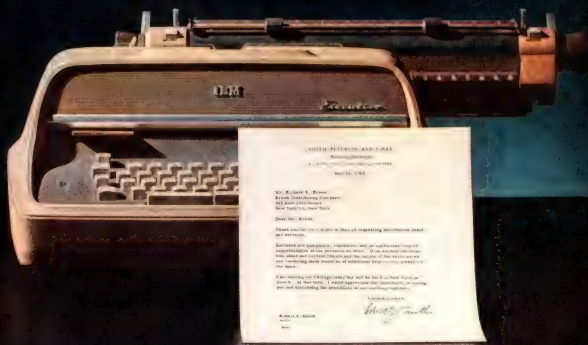
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Europeans." Hand-cut glass separated the sleeping compartment from the outside aisle. In elegant salon cars, diners lingered over oysters and chilled glasses of *Feuille Clignot* served by attendants in morning coats, light blue silk breeches, white stockings and buckled shoes. Elegant prostitutes provided companionship for the lonely on the long journey to the Orient.

Spies & Vanishing Briefcases. For decades the *Orient Express* served as grist for the mills of novelists (e.g., Agatha Christie, Graham Greene, Eric Ambler), who conjured up (a) fur-wrapped beauties from Hungary in conspiratorial conversation with spies in the corridor, (b) muffled sobs in the next compartment, or (c) vanishing briefcases. The only things that ever really vanished were the good service and the passengers. By the 1920s most of the lush old cars had been replaced with stern steel models, and the porters wore drab brown, offering special attention only when the palm was well greased with hard currency in advance. Then came airplanes and the Iron Curtain. By last year the traffic on the old line between Vienna and Bucharest was down to an average 1½ passengers per trip.

Last week the coldly practical railroad experts of Europe, meeting in Leningrad, were agreed: the old *Orient Express* no longer paid its way, must therefore be eliminated. Now anyone who wanted to spend two days traveling to Istanbul would have to endure the slicker, upstart *Simplon-Orient Express*, which swings south through Switzerland into Italy and then on across Yugoslavia, delivering its passengers efficiently enough but without the luxury their grandfathers had known.

GREAT BRITAIN

A Mummy in the Closet

Nobody relishes a good murder trial more than the British public, and British murderers have responded by exhibiting a zany ingenuity that few practitioners of other nationalities can match. One 1940 classic that gripped all Britain involved a man who did in nine people over a period of years, pausing each time to sip a wineglass of warm blood before dissolving the body in a vat of sulphuric acid. Another British murderer, convicted in 1953, consummated his frequent love affairs by strangling his partners and hanging their bodies behind the kitchen wall.

Last week newspaper readers hung over every detail of a new thriller that promised to follow the classic tradition. Its setting was the town of Rhyll, a drab Welsh working-class seaside resort. There, one rainy day last May, 29-year-old Leslie Harvey, taxi driver, decided to clean out an old, locked closet on the upstairs landing in the shabby boardinghouse on West Kimmel Street owned by his mother, Mrs. Sarah Jane Harvey, 65. She had been under treatment for a cancerous stomach tumor, and he planned to have the house spruced up as a surprise for her when she got back from the hospital. Forcing the bolt of the closet, he opened the door and fell back in horror. Huddled

on the floor at his feet, under thick layers of cobwebs and dust, was the shriveled body of a woman, partly covered with a moth-eaten blanket and the decayed remnants of a blue dressing gown. The skull was bare of hair, the eye sockets were hollow, and the skin was parched to the color of dark leather and hard as rock. Beside the body lay an empty bottle of disinfectant.

Grooves on the Neck. An unidentified mummy clearly was too much for Rhyll's local police force, and the call went out for expert help. The Home Office sent Pathologist Dr. Gerald Evans and Biologist Dr. Alan Clift. Entomologists studied the dead moths and flies found in the closet. Also enlisted was a London



SARAH HARVEY
Egyptologists set the time.

University Egyptologist who was a specialist on ancient mummies. For weeks the experts studied their find. Unwrapping and comparing a 2,500-year-old mummy from Liverpool University, they measured the shrinkage of the bones to determine that the woman had died two decades ago, probably in 1940. Police missing-persons files helped establish her identity: a Mrs. Frances Knight, who was last seen in March 1940. Mrs. Knight was then 36, and known to be ailing.

Discarding one theory after another, the experts finally were forced to the conclusion that no chemical had been used to induce mummification; rather, by a "freak of chance," warm air from below the floor, flowing through cracks in the door and out a trap door at the top of the closet, had stopped the normal decay of flesh a few days after death. What was the cause of death? Looking close, Dr. Evans spotted traces of fabric embedded in grooves around the neck. It was the remnant of a length of woman's stocking. At its end was a reef knot, twisted tightly.

The Word of the Clerk. But there were still no clues to the "killer" or the motive. Then the police traced Mrs. Knight's former husband to a town in Sussex. He had not seen his wife in 24 years, he said, but grumbled that nevertheless he was still paying her £2 (\$5.60) a week in support money via the clerk of the magistrates' court in Rhyll. Quite right, confirmed the clerk; since 1940 he had handled \$5,377 on her behalf. But, he added, for many years the person who had come to pick it up was not the invalid Frances Knight, but her landlady, Sarah Jane Harvey. Almost every week for 30 years, said the clerk, Mrs. Harvey was asked: "How is Mrs. Knight?" The usual answer: "About the same." When the money was late, she protested that Mrs. Knight would "play hell," and sometimes at Christmas Mrs. Harvey would say that Mrs. Knight was demanding payment in advance. Last June, Mrs. Harvey was arrested.

On trial for her life last week, shriveled Sarah Harvey sat impassively beside her nurse, collapsing into sobs only when her son took the stand. But she stuck to her story that Mrs. Knight had been taken suddenly ill one night and died in agony before she could summon a doctor. In panic, said Mrs. Harvey, she had dragged the corpse into the closet; she had collected the money only because she feared she would be accused of murder if the death were discovered. The prosecution's case hung like a thread on the ligature around the mummy's neck.

Stretching a Point. For five hours Mrs. Harvey's attorney, huge (238 lbs.) Andrew Rankin, 36, hammered at the calm, moderate Dr. Evans. Suppose, he asked, that the stocking found around Mrs. Knight's throat had not been stretched. Would the cause of death be certain? "No," replied the scientist. Then Rankin moved in on Witness Clift, the government biologist who had rashly admitted that he was an "expert on stocking strangulation cases." "Did you ever ask if that stocking had been stretched?" he thundered. With a sigh, Dr. Clift replied that he had not. Had the stocking really looked like a rope, as Clift had testified? Clift paused, then admitted: "It was not twisted as a rope is twisted, but it reminded me of rope." Snapped Rankin: "And you call yourself an expert?" With that, Clift faded dead away on the witness stand. The government's case collapsed with him. After the adjournment, Britain's embarrassed Solicitor General, Sir Jocelyn Simon, rose with a prosecutor's motion that the murder charge be quashed. "I agree entirely," said the judge, Mr. Justice Edmund Davies.

But Sarah Harvey's troubles were not over, for there was still the fraud charge to be dealt with. "It is quite impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that during the whole intervening period of those charges, you have been obtaining £3 week by week," the judge said sternly to Mrs. Harvey. "In effect you have swindled Mr. Knight of something like £2000 . . . You will go to prison for 15 months."

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

The End of Patience

Twelve hours after Vice President Richard Nixon promised the American Legion convention in Miami a "quarantine" of Cuba, Washington last week slapped Havana with the most severe trade embargo imposed on any nation except Red China. Under penalty of a \$10,000 fine and ten years' imprisonment, the U.S. barred from Cuba, which traditionally buys 70% of its foreign goods in the U.S., two-thirds of all American imports. Only medicines and nonsubsidized foods, such as canned goods, may still be shipped. Prohibited were machinery and parts, including autos and trucks (worth \$27 million in 1959), industrial machinery (\$18 million), electrical machinery (\$27.3 million), in effect all the cogs and wheels essential to keep Cuba's U.S.-oriented machinery running.

Though the embargo would undoubtedly evoke more Cuban cries of "economic aggression," the U.S. explained that it was acting in self-defense "against the discriminatory, aggressive and injurious economic policies of the Castro regime" and cited a painful history of examples: outrageous taxes and surcharges on U.S. goods, seizure of U.S.-owned property, nonpayment of overdue bills for previous imports. To those who argued that the move would drive Cuba even deeper into the Soviet camp, Commerce Secretary Frederick H. Mueller had a crisp reply: "Too bad. After all, we've been the ones who've been pushed around lately."

Private Support. As Washington admitted, the embargo would only "harass" Castro, it would not topple him. Tipped off by repeated leaks, the Cubans had anticipated the move, had rushed in shiploads of spark plugs, carburetors, fuel pumps and other auto parts, quantities of tin plate, newsprint and chemicals, oil refining and agricultural machinery. While Washington planned to police U.S. shippers to see that they did not transship to Cuba via neutral nations, it had no plans to pressure neutral governments to prohibit such transshipments. Major Latin American governments privately accepted the U.S. move, but, as the U.S. knew, the hemisphere chiefs of state would be wary to do so publicly, fearing Castro's popularity among their own people.

Western European nations were fully prepared to fill the Cuban trade gap—and reap the rewards. As overall U.S. trade with Cuba fell 20% to \$435 million in 1959, British exports to that country rose 68% to \$42 million, with most of the increase in machinery. And Canada's Prime Minister John Diefenbaker made his nation's position crystal clear: business as usual (see below).

Cash Before Carry. What will hurt Cubans more than the embargo is their lack of ready cash. Britain, Canada and other prospective suppliers would expect prompt payment. Last week Economic

Czar Ernesto ("Che") Guevara admitted that there was little cash left.

Before he left for Moscow to sign further deals with the Reds (Castro already has barter agreements with seven Soviet-bloc nations), Guevara went on TV and rendered a treasurer's report written in double red ink. He acknowledged that foreign exchange reserves had fallen from \$214 million to \$170 million and would probably fall to \$100 million by year's end. He warned that "we shall have to look for substitutes" but promised Cubans that the Communist bloc's "perfect planning" would see them through. "Che" might well bring back more big machinery from the East, but he could not deliver



William Tannen Taylor—Nancy Palmer
ECONOMIC CZAR "CHE" GUEVARA
The facts spilled out in red ink.

the washing machines, refrigerators and air conditioners that Cubans have learned to regard as necessities. Last week Castro propagandists put on a show of defiance, crying: "War to the death against the Yankee imperialists!" But it would take more than propaganda to erase Cuban memories of the good life.

The week produced other thrusts between the U.S. and Cuba. In Washington, Cuba withdrew from the World Bank. At the U.N., Foreign Minister Raúl Roa asked for immediate consideration of an alleged plot by the "Pentagon and U.S. monopolies" to launch a "large-scale invasion" of Cuba "within the next few days." Roa cited an alleged arms drop on Sept. 29 at 2 a.m. on the slopes of the guerrilla-speckled Escambray hills "by a four-motored aircraft of U.S. registry coming from the U.S. and piloted by U.S. airmen."

Painted Incident. Amidst the breakdown, U.S. Ambassador Philip W. Bonsal, who for 21 months tried unsuccessfully to

practice his expert brand of patient, quiet diplomacy, was recalled to Washington for "an extended period of consultation," leaving U.S. affairs in the hands of Chargé Daniel Braddock. Chances are that Bonsal will not return. With Cuba's Washington embassy also headed by a chargé, diplomacy between the two nations will become as difficult as commerce.

What would be Castro's next move? He could 1) make a formal demand, perhaps through the World Court, that the U.S. evacuate the Guantánamo Naval Base (which last week beefed up its Marine contingent); 2) confiscate the remaining \$250 million in U.S. businesses, including branches of Sears, Roebuck and Woolworth, Westinghouse and General Electric; 3) break off diplomatic relations entirely; 4) stage an "incident" to prove U.S. aggression. At week's end the U.S. sent a curt note to Havana protesting that five Castro aircraft planes were being painted over with U.S. insignia at San Antonio de los Baños airbase near Havana. With the blue-and-white U.S. star on wings and fuselage, the planes could easily create the incident Castro wants.

Arrested last week on charges of secretly sending arms to the anti-Castro rebels in the Sierra Escambray: Major William A. Morgan, 32, the Cuban Army's highest-ranking American. Adventurer Morgan, a onetime U.S. paratrooper who drifted into Cuba to avenge a friend killed by Batista cops, fought in the second front of Escambray, but clashed with "Che" Guevara and was eventually retired to a frog farm outside Havana. Back in favor briefly last year for enticing Dominican invaders into a trap, Morgan, though now a Cuban citizen, could never overcome his twin handicaps: being an American and an avowed anti-Communist.

Friends Farther North

While Fidel Castro was at economic war with one northern neighbor, he was having no problems at all with a second. In response to a newsman's question last week, Canada's Prime Minister John Diefenbaker said that "Canada has no intention whatsoever of imposing any embargo on Canadian goods in Cuban trade." The Cuban reaction could hardly have been happier. Cheered Havana's *El Mundo*: "In Canada there does not prevail the aggressive hysteria which blinds the United States." The Castro paper ran a cartoon showing Canada's sturdy arm breaking the "Yankee economic blockade" around Cuba. Added the Cuban embassy in Ottawa: Relations with Canada are "perfect."

Washington pointed out that the U.S. had not asked Canada to join in the embargo; it had merely sent advance notice to Canada of its plan, as a courtesy. As the week developed, there was little doubt that Castro had succeeded in



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inserting the thin edge of trade advantage and national pride between the traditional allies.

Opening to the West. All along, while nationalizing U.S. property, Castro purposefully exempted Canadian holdings, even the five Canadian insurance companies that dominate 70% of Cuba's life-insurance business, with policies valued at \$400 million. Two weeks ago, when he added Cuba's banks to the U.S. banks already nationalized, Castro again made an exception, left free only two financial institutions, both Canadian—the Royal Bank of Canada, with 24 branches in Cuba, and the Bank of Nova Scotia, with eight, totaling \$100 million in assets. To his TV audience he explained: "All payment transactions are being carried out by these banks, and they are rendering a service to the revolution through their home offices in Canada."

Castro's strategy was simple: by access to U.S. suppliers cut off, trade ties to Canada would be preserved as a means of getting some of the embargoed parts and materials needed to keep Cuba's U.S.-oriented economy going until it could switch to Iron Curtain suppliers. For their own reasons, Canada's government and businessmen were willing to go along—at least for the moment. Said the *Toronto Globe and Mail*: "Dietenbaker's statement has served notice to the world that Canadian trade policy is not made in Washington." As for the businessmen President Ronald Kinsman of the Canadian Exporters' Association put it in a nutshell: "Trade is trade."

The amount of trade involved is tiny compared to the uproar. Only 300 Canadians live in Cuba, and Canada's exports to the island in 1959 amounted to less than 1% of its total exports—mainly newsprint, medicine, steel, copper tubing, codfish, malt and chemicals. Even this small export business had dropped, from \$12.5 million in 1958 to \$15.2 million in 1959, with 1960's first half showing a sharp dip to \$1,800,000 v. \$7,400,000 for the same period in 1959. Exports of newsprint fell from \$2,600,000 to \$900,000, salt codfish from \$1,200,000 to \$510,000, wheat from \$367,000 to \$104,000. Reason: though Castro was more willing to pay Canadians than Americans, he was cutting back in order to conserve foreign exchange.

Positive Results. Now, with a formal embargo under way, Canadian businessmen are betting that their picture will improve. Selected Canadian export figures for 1960's first half show an upward trend compared to 1959: sheet and strip steel went from \$149,000 to \$212,000, aircraft engines and parts from \$35,000 to \$209,000, synthetic rubber and plastics from \$17,000 to \$255,000, medicines from \$18,000 to \$115,000.

Last week the Cuban state shipping line announced the immediate start of a freight service with Canada. From Canada's Saguenay Shipping Co., which eliminated its Montreal-Santiago freight service a month ago, came hopeful word. "The whole picture is under review."



BISHOP SHEEN DELIVERING SERMON IN ARGENTINA
Without workers there is no harvest.

There was also word that an "unofficial" Canadian trade mission has been in Cuba for several weeks and has landed orders for auto parts, electrical equipment and other industrial goods reportedly totaling \$7,500,000.

ARGENTINA

Task Force for Catholicism

"I am told that during this year only six Argentine priests were ordained," said New York's Bishop Fulton John Sheen. "In Boston we had more than ten times this number in the same period. Without workers there is no harvest. And Christian workers are the product of a Christian atmosphere. Our job here is to arouse the latent goodness of these people to create this necessary atmosphere."

As U.S. director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and one of Roman Catholicism's best preachers, Bishop Sheen was in Argentina last week lending his help to the biggest Catholic proselytizing crusade ever undertaken in Latin America. Its purpose: to counter the spread of anti-Catholicism that is sapping the church of its traditional strength. In all, Fulton Sheen made twelve TV appearances, said Mass in humble parish churches as well as in Buenos Aires' cathedral, delivered lectures at the University of Buenos Aires' law school and at the Holy Cross Institute.

Missions & Missives. The crusade began three weeks ago, when Papal Nuncio Monsignor Humberto Mozzoni dispatched 2,000 missionaries "to open the dialogue between the church and Argentina on the everlasting efficacy of the Gospel for the advancement of the Argentine people."

Heartily endorsed by Rome and meticulously planned in Buenos Aires for almost two years, the crusade set up 1,200 mission centers in schools, warehouses, private homes, even in tents. Arrangements

were made for round-the-clock prayers meetings, processions and celebrations, for visits to hospitals, asylums, orphanages, slums and schools. Missionary priests from other Latin lands, Spain, France, Italy, Germany and Iron Curtain countries traveled to Argentina to help.

Still Suspect. Roman Catholicism has no greater stake anywhere than in Latin America. Its population of 180 million Roman Catholics represents one-third of the church's flock. Yet increasing numbers pay only lip service to their faith, either go to church merely for the pageantry or fail to attend altogether. The Jesuits, who were forced from the continent in the 18th century,* are still few, and the Catholic clergy, once linked to anti-independence regimes, is still suspect. While Europe increases its priesthood, Latin America now has only about 8% of the world's Catholic clergy. Argentina, with a population of more than 20 million, has but 4,708 priests, compared with some 50,000 in France for a population of 45 million. Argentina's clergy by necessity concentrates on offsetting vigorous Protestant drives and combats the ever-present Communist efforts to undermine all religion in the schools and labor organizations.

When it ended last week, the crusade was a clear success. Some 3,000,000 Argentines had flocked to the Buenos Aires cathedral, the number of Communion-receivers increased threefold, and baptisms and marriages numbered in the thousands. "The problem now is to keep up the good work," said Bishop Manuel Menéndez. "This is our job."

* Accused of mixing in politics and of acquiring great wealth, the Society of Jesus was banned from Portuguese domains in 1759, from Spain and her possessions in 1767. In 1773 the Society was dissolved completely by Pope Clement XIV. Some of its members were given shelter in Russia by Catherine the Great until Pope Pius VII reinstated them anew in 1814.



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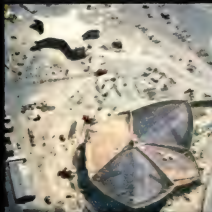
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PEOPLE

On a sunny afternoon in Manhattan's Central Park, Denmark's visiting King **Frederik IX** and Queen **Ingrid** appeared with Danish-born Pianist-Funnyman Victor Borge beside a statue of Denmark's greatest teller of fairy tales, Hans Christian Andersen. Borge, wearing half-spectacles "for very short stories," read two Andersen tales to some 100 bemused tots. The children did not quite feign indifference to a real King and Queen, and at one point a local lad asked chainsmoking Frederik point-blank: "King, where is your crown? I thought all Kings wore crowns." Affable Frederik explained that a crown is a special-occasion headpiece: "I only wear it when I'm in Denmark." The answer did not quite satisfy the boy, who later told newsmen that he was sure this was a special occasion—because his mother had made him wash his ears for it.

The three disabilities that pelvis-twirling **Elvis Presley** might most fear are a sore throat, a dislocated hip, or an injury to his guitar-strumming paw. During his recent Army draftee stint he was briefly silenced by tonsillitis. Last week, during a touch-football game in hometown Memphis, Elvis dived at the ball carrier, broke the little finger of his string-zinging hand. His hips, however, are still swinging.

Since their marriage last year, ex-R.A.F. Group Captain **Peter Townsend**, 45, unlucky in love with Princess Margaret, and his second wife, Belgian ex-Photographer Marie-Luce, 21, have lived quietly in a Paris suburb, collaborated on the housework, relaxed with morning constitutional. Arriving in Manhattan last week, they put up in a modest hotel. Townsend, who once smidely ticked off the U.S. as a materialistic nation of salesmen, had pos-

sibly come to the U.S. to sell something but craftily kept the exact nature of his fortnight's "business trip" a stiff-upper-lipped mystery.

Reminiscent of his late great-profiled father, Actor **John Barrymore** Jr., 38, whose profile is partially obscured by dense shrubbery, has spent most of this month in the headlines and eight days of it in a Roman jail. His troubles revolve around a pretty girl, Italian Starlet Gabriella ("Gaby") Palazzoli, 23. A street brawl erupted when three Roman punks taunted two of Gaby's brothers about young Barrymore's beard—a male appurtenance made to order for some special Italian insults. After the brawlers were hauled off to Rome's Queen of Heaven



BARRYMORE, FIANCÉE & FITTER
A five-way brawl.

clink, Barrymore, Gaby and Gaby's papa went there to spring the Palazzoli boys, so ardently set about liberating the captives that they soon were judged themselves. Let off with an eight-month suspended sentence (Gaby and Signor Palazzoli were exonerated), Suitor Barrymore whisked Gaby off to be fitted for a wedding gown, announced that they will wed this week.

After Movie Tough Guy Humphrey Bogart died of throat cancer two years ago, Hollywood began speculating about whom his widow, Actress **Lauren** ("Betty") **Bacall**, would marry. The contenders were wildly averted to range from Frank Sinatra (who seems in no marrying mood these days) to Francis X. Bushman (who at 77 is happily retired with his fourth wife). Last week in Manhattan where Lauren appeared last winter in a Broadway flop titled *Goodbye, Charlie*, matters came to a triple head. A Broadway actor who bears a striking resem-



ROBARDS & BACALL
A triple head.

blance to a younger Bogart, **Jason** (*Toys in the Attic*) **Robards Jr.**, was sued for divorce or separation by his wife, who named Lauren, 36, as the reason. Taking the charge in manful stride, Robards, 38, promptly broke his silence: "I love Betty. As soon as this is over, we'll get married."

Out of the recent past and into a French Press Agency party in a Moscow eatery walked a tall Englishman in a neat Savile Row suit, red waistcoat and old Etonian tie. The uninvited guest, **Guy Burgess**, 49, onetime British Foreign Officer who defected to the Soviet Union in 1951 with his drinking and otherwise intimate companion, Donald Maclean, **Burgess**, proudly proclaiming that he is still a British subject, allowed that he'd like to go back to Britain for a holiday—just so long as I could be certain of getting back to the Soviet Union. "But Burgess 'won't go back so long as the cold war goes on.' As he left with a deep pink glow, Burgess burred: "Oh God, I suppose this will make headlines again."

Denying that he had said, back in Texas, that anyone who voted for Nixon should go to hell, Harry Truman gave another version: "I said that the country would be 'in a hell of a shape' if the Republicans win." Listening amusedly to the row that Harry's internal language has inspired, Syndicated Columnist **Eleanor Roosevelt** observed: "Somehow I think the morals of our children will survive President Truman's speech." It all reminded Mrs. R. of "a little story we used to laugh about in our family for many years." Revealed she: "My mother-in-law [Sarah Delano Roosevelt], like Vice President Nixon, felt that no gentleman ever used bad language. When by chance my husband said 'damn' in front of the children, she would draw herself up and say, 'Franklin never used to use bad language. He has learned it from his little boy Johnny, whom you, Eleanor, allow to spend so many hours in the stable!'"



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MUSIC

Debut to Remember

To play his best, says Soviet Pianist Sviatoslav Richter, he has to feel in tune with the concert-hall décor: blues and greys put him in a communicative mood. Last week, in his long-awaited Manhattan debut, Richter tried out the new white and gold interior of Manhattan's Carnegie Hall. If his phenomenal performance was any guide, Carnegie had struck on the color combination of the decade.

Interior Logic. In keeping with his preference for playing only one composer at each concert, Richter offered a program of five Beethoven sonatas—Nos. 3, 9, 12, 22 and 23 ("Appassionata"). The hall, studded with conductors, composers and fellow pianists, was hushed to expectant silence from the moment Richter completed an awkwardly bobbing bow and turned to plunge into his first selection. Before he was halfway through, he seemed every bit as big as the legend that had preceded him. Sometimes bending judiciously over the keyboard, sometimes leaning backward with dark green eyes fixed on the ceiling, he displayed all the technical virtuosity expected of him: a sinewy and remarkably sensitive rhythm, ringing bravura power coupled with a feathery pianissimo touch, the ability to swell or diminish from one to the other with remarkable control.

Even more impressive was Richter's remarkable ability to sing his way into the emotional heart of the music. His Beethoven was rarely showy—he seemed at times to be deliberately dampening the music's more obvious appeals in order to insist on the kind of interior logic that only a scrupulously honest pianist can capture. When he finished, the audience gave a roar of applause. Richter returned to play four encores (by Schubert, Schumann, Chopin), but he would have preferred to end with Beethoven. "After the 'Appassionata' you should play nothing. What can you play after that?"

Obsessive Perfection. An obsessive perfectionist, Richter had originally planned to lock the doors of Carnegie at concert's end and play right on into the night, putting the Dvorak *Piano Concerto* into shape for its scheduled Philadelphia performance two days later. He reluctantly abandoned the idea only because his debut had taken so much out of him. On other occasions, however, he has found himself so dissatisfied with his performance that he has sat down after the audience has left and played the entire program over again.

At 46, Richter is making his first extensive tour (ten weeks, coast to coast) beyond the Iron Curtain, although he played briefly in Finland last spring. He is accompanied by his wife, Singer Nina Dorlyak, who alone seems able to coax him out of the black moods of depression he occasionally suffers. In addition to making his Manhattan debut and playing with the Philadelphia Orchestra last week, Richter recorded the Brahms *Concerto No. 2* with

the Chicago Symphony. The musicians were agast when he would come to the end of a movement that seemed letter-perfect and then hold up his hand to signify that he wanted to do it over again. Occasionally, he would look up to one of the boxes in Chicago's Orchestra Hall to get a nod of approval from his wife. He completed the 50-minute concerto after



Arthur Siegel—RCA Victor
PIANIST RICHTER
With passion and perfection.

seven concentrated hours of recording and re-recording. Once during his Chicago appearances, Richter went back to his hotel to catch a nap. Because the bed was too soft, he slept on the floor.

What Is Modern?

Much of the attention in contemporary opera is drawn by U.S., English or German composers: Samuel Barber, Benjamin Britten, Hans Werner Henze, Werner Egk. But Italy, opera's birthplace, still produces an impressive share of the breed—some 300 new operas a year. Each year the best of the current Italian operatic product goes on display at a remarkable opera festival—the Teatro delle Novità, winding up its 17th season in the Alpine hill town of Bergamo, and known as the "gateway to La Scala."

Two Extremes. The Bergamo festival has launched such well-known Italian composers as Gian Francesco Malipiero and Giorgio Ghedini on their operatic careers (a notable exception: Gian Carlo Menotti, who, says a friend, "found his Bergamo in America"). The two new works at this year's festival displayed the extremes of two warring contemporary Italian styles. *The Admiral*, by Arturo Andreoli, 58, a longtime coach at La Scala, was a typical example of *verismo* (an operatic movement comparable to literary "realism"), made popular in the


late 19th century by Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Puccini. Based on a one-act play by Chekhov, the opera had to do with a drunken bum masquerading as an admiral at a wedding party. Exposed when he fails to identify a snatch of Morse code, the phony admiral exits, announcing with sad dignity: "If I were really a nobleman, I would challenge you all to a duel." *The Admiral* was studied with the kind of lush melody the Italians love—Andreoli borrowed much of the opera's outdated style from Mascagni.

In contrast, *The Sentence*, by Giacomo Manzoni, 28, was a shrill, spare twelve-tone work that made fiendishly difficult demands on the singers and left the orchestra pit littered, in the words of one critic, with "the murdered bodies of the instruments." Set in China in the 1940s during the Japanese occupation, the opera told of a wife who betrays her husband to the enemy, is tried by the village council and dismissed with the existentialist injunction: "We neither condemn nor absolve you. You alone can decide whether you were right or wrong, and your soul throughout eternity will be your judge."

Talented Local. In the opinion of Bindo Missiroli, an insurance broker who founded the Bergamo festival in 1937 (it was interrupted by the war), post-Puccini Italians of both the *verismo* and the twelve-tone school are "still the world's greatest opera composers. In Germany the modernists use the voice as another instrument, seldom giving importance to the word. Italians want to understand what's going on." The biggest hit of the festival last week was the world premiere of a 143-year-old one-acter titled *Pygmalion*, composed not by a modern twelve-toner but by a talented local boy named Gaetano Donizetti. Written in 1817, when Donizetti was 19, the forgotten opera was rediscovered by Missiroli in an orchestrated version in a box of manuscripts found in Donizetti's house in Bergamo. Equipped with a spirited libretto, it had a fine, rich overture and enough tuneful arias to satisfy any Donizetti fan. "Of the three one-act operas given in Bergamo last night," wrote one critic, "the most modern was *Pygmalion*."

Double Exposure

The favorite refuge of a critic confronted with a new piece of modern music is to plead that it demands a second hearing. Last week Conductor Leonard Bernstein obliged. He led the New York Philharmonic through a performance of Lukas Foss's *Time Cycle* for Soprano and Orchestra, an atonal work based on poems by Auden, Housman, Kafka and Nietzsche, all of them having to do with the flow of time, clocks or bells. With Adele Addison expertly taking the vocal part, the work proved to be one of Foss's strongest—a mosaiclike structure full of wispily haunting sonorities. After playing the rest of the program, Bernstein invited listeners who had been puzzled by *Cycle* to remain for a second hearing. About 400 accepted. "I'm delighted," said Lenny to the Discriminating 400. "I compliment you."



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WESTERN UNION

MEDICINE

Prize Week

Australia's crisp Sir Frank Macfarlane Burnet, 61, is the ideal scientist: his curiosity continually leads him into new areas of study, and his determination usually keeps him in each long enough to come up with answers. Eleven years ago, when Burnet began to concentrate on the immunological intolerance of the human body—rejection by one body of invading material from another—he already was an authority on influenza, leukemia and viruses. His efforts in these fields won him a U.S. Lasker Award, appointment by Queen Elizabeth to Britain's Order of Merit^o and a reputation so high, says one colleague, that "no discussion about any of the virus diseases known to man can be complete without mentioning his name." Last week in Stockholm, Burnet's work in immunology earned him medical science's highest honor—the Nobel Prize.

No Marvel. Burnet shared his Nobel, worth \$43,625, with towering 16 ft. 4½ in., British Zoologist Peter Brian Medawar, who has been working on tissue transplants for the past 17 years. Experimenting with laboratory animals, Medawar was among the first to describe the mechanism of the puzzling "rejection reaction"—the process by which the human body develops antibodies similar to those it uses against viruses and bacteria to reject and destroy tissue transplants intended to replace diseased parts.

"The immunological defenses," Dr. Medawar once remarked, "are dedicated to the proposition that anything foreign must be harmful, and this formula is ground out in a totally indiscriminating fashion with results that are sometimes irritating, sometimes harmful, and sometimes mortally harmful. It is far better to have immunological defenses than not to have them, but this does not mean that we are to marvel at them as evidences of a high and wise design."

A Step Closer. Using the work of Medawar and others as a starting point, Australia's Burnet theorized that the rejection reaction is not inherited full-blown, instead is developed gradually in the fetus and young child. Burnet speculated that if, during the period of immunological development, the human body could be taught to tolerate grafts from selected donors, it would later be able to accept tissue transplants from those same donors. Seizing on Burnet's thesis, Dr. Medawar proceeded to confirm it in a series of laboratory tests. He inoculated mouse embryos with mouse tissue from a different breed of mice, found that the inoculated animals later were able successfully to tolerate grafts from mice of the same breed as the original donors.

So far, the Burnet-Medawar discovery, hailed in the Nobel citation as "a new



NOBELMAN BURNET
From laboratory mice . . .

chapter in experimental biology," has no direct medical use. But it represents a long step closer to the day dreamed of by many doctors when surgeons will be able to shift hearts, lungs, kidneys and even limbs from one body to another.

Last week was prize week in the U.S. also. In New York the American Public Health Association and the Albert and Mary Lasker Foundation announced winners of their 1960 Joint Awards in medical research. The recipients (who each received \$2,500 and a Winged Victory statuette) included two scientists who are not



NOBELMAN MEDAWAR
... a lesson in tolerance.

medical researchers at all: German Engineer Ernst Ruska and U.S. Research Physicist James Hillier, who together are largely responsible for development of the electron microscope. Up to 500 times as powerful as the best optical microscope, the electron microscope has already given man his first look at viruses and promises to become one of medicine's most useful tools. Says Physicist Hillier, 45: "The electron microscope is like the monkey wrench on the garage wall; what you do with it is the important thing." Other Lasker Award winners:

• The U.S.'s James V. Neel and Britain's Lionel S. Penrose, for genetic studies and research into the effects of ionizing radiation on humans.

• Britain's Maurice Wilkins and Francis Crick, and U.S. Biologist James D. Watson, for studies of the structure of the deoxyribonucleic (DNA) acid molecule, one of the principal elements in cell metabolism and in transmission of inheritable characteristics.

Kinsey Revisited

Of all the novel notions advanced by the late Dr. Alfred Kinsey, few were more startling than his contention that sexual frigidity is no longer any great problem for U.S. women. In his best-selling *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, based on interviews with 5,940 women, Kinsey came up with figures indicating that 66% of all U.S. married women experienced orgasm in sexual relations with their husbands at least half the time. Fortnight ago, at a meeting of the Academy of Psychosomatic Medicine, Kinsey's happy conclusion came under heavy fire.

Clinical studies, reported Dr. Maurice E. Linden, director of the City of Philadelphia's Mental Health Division, indicate that a majority of U.S. women rarely reach orgasm with their husbands—and that most of those who have done so occasionally are unable to gain consistent satisfaction from the conjugal sex act. Says Psychiatrist Linden: "Sexual frigidity is still one of the most common and baffling female problems."

A Better Man. Many cases of frigidity, noted Linden, are strikingly similar. The woman, typically, has children, and is driven by the conflicts created by modern America's emancipation of women to compete with her husband for dominance of the household. No match for his aggressive wife, the husband abdicates his familial responsibility, retires to the conflict-free comforts of the beer can, the television set and the evening newspaper. The common result: a "role exchange," from which the wife emerges a better man than her husband.

The effect of such a role exchange on the couple's sexual compatibility, says Dr. Linden, is disastrous: "Although sexual relations with the husband may have been reasonably satisfactory early in the marriage, they deteriorate into a mere 'chore' or 'duty' for the wife. . . . Stripped of his aggressiveness, the husband becomes a passive partner; he loses interest

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PSYCHIATRIST LINDEN

Can 5,940 women be wrong?

in making the sex act satisfying for his wife. He wants her to seduce him." Sex-starved, the frigid woman often gravitates into extramarital affairs from which she gains intense sexual enjoyment. "There is nothing organically wrong with the frigid wife," explains Linden. "She is quite able to enjoy satisfying sexual relations—but not with her husband. However, her basic conflict assures that sooner or later the lover will share her husband's fate, become for her a prosaically inadequate man."

Back to Femininity. Frigidity often escapes diagnosis, Linden believes, either because the woman refuses to admit it—one of the factors that probably misled Kinsey—or because her physician shies away from "delicate" questions on the subject of sex. When the frigid woman does appear in a doctor's office, it is to complain of "vague physical or psychological ailments"; headaches, fitful sleep, nervousness or nonspecific feelings of inadequacy. "The commonly prescribed treatment," says Dr. Linden, "consists of some tranquilizer or relaxant, supportive and complimentary reassurance, and periodic visits. The condition being treated usually does not change."

Fact is, no drug will cure frigidity and no surgical operation will repair an unhappy marriage—although neurosis-knotted frigid women occasionally have persuaded doctors to perform pointless hysterectomies. Frigidity, says Dr. Linden, is not an illness in itself; it is simply a serious symptom of deep-rooted psychosexual conflict. Linden's stark conclusion: "The situation may be resolved if the woman patient can be restored to a truly feminine position. This would be the task of psychoanalysis. But even the most intense therapy may not be wholly successful, and many women must resign themselves to a less-than-satisfying marriage, for social reasons."

The Whiplash Controversy

Nobody really knows when the term "whiplash injury" originated, and U.S. insurance companies, which each year pay out substantial damages to supposed whiplash victims undoubtedly wish it never had. The sudden backward snap of the head to which whiplash is ascribed generally happens in rear-end automobile collisions; these annually result in thousands of cases of alleged neck injury. Yet standard medical dictionaries do not even mention whiplash and in the District of Columbia's *Medical Board*, Washington Surgeon Francis D. Threadgill insists that it is usually only a synonym for "ma-linger-ing and self-delusion."

Many people who complain of whiplash reports Dr. Threadgill, "do not have anything more than a temporary indisposition. They have no real injury to muscle, nerve, tendon or bone." In examination of 88 supposed whiplash victims Threadgill found only 14 cases in which patients' subjective complaints (e.g., neck pains, headaches, loss of sensation, restricted arm movements) could be medically confirmed. His sardonic conclusion: apart from clear-cut cases of bone or nerve injury, 90% of "so-called whiplash injuries" will disappear within six weeks "if legal settlement can be quickly obtained."

What Hit Him? But whiplash should not be so lightly dismissed, insist Drs. Robert Leopold and Harold Dillon of the University of Pennsylvania's Department of Neurology and Psychiatry. In a study of 47 whiplash victims, Drs. Leopold and Dillon found a considerably higher incidence of actual physical injury (14 "severe" cases, 26 "moderate") than did Dr. Threadgill.

More important, they also concluded that the degree of a patient's emotional reaction to an accident usually bore little relation to the severity of his physical injury. One 22-year-old woman, bothered by persistent neck pains after a minor collision, twice attempted suicide although she had no previous record of neurosis or depression. A 37-year-old ex-Marine was so bewildered by the accident in which he suffered a mild whiplash injury that one month later he did not know what had hit him or why.

Threatened Control. The human personality is peculiarly vulnerable to the shock of a sudden assault from behind, argue Drs. Leopold and Dillon. This, they theorize, may trigger a "denial mechanism" that prevents the victim from coming to terms emotionally with the meaning and discomfort of his injury. They add: "The fact that the head and neck are the sites of injury adds to this distortion . . . almost as if the ego unconsciously perceives that the control (head) can be severed from the body. It is our thesis that the whiplash injury is psychologically unique in that both its suddenness and its unconscious meaning tend to mobilize greater anxiety in ordinarily stable and well-integrated individuals than do other diseases or injuries to other parts of the body."

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Synthetic Siren Song

The gypsy moth, a European immigrant that defoliates forests in New England and is threatening the Middle West from a beachhead near Detroit, may soon be undone by synthetic sex. Martin Jacobson, Morton Beroza and William A. Jones, all of the U.S. Agricultural Research Service, tell in *Science* how they have isolated and synthesized the powerful chemical lure with which female gypsy moths attract their males.

Entomologists have known since 1913 that an essence extracted from the abdomen tips of female gypsy moths would bring excited males from as far as half a mile away. For years they used this natural extract as bait in traps set out to locate colonies of the destructive moths, but the stuff was much too scarce for more than small-scale use.

In 1957 Dr. Jacobson started the delicate job of identifying the moths' chemical siren song. He began with 500,000 female gypsy pupae collected in Spain and Connecticut. When the virgin moths (female gypsy moths lose their siren scent at the same time as their virginity) emerged, the tips of their abdomens were snipped off, dropped into benzene.

The crude extract from this first step was purified and separated into fractions by treatment with various chemicals, and each fraction was tested for sex attractiveness. A slender glass rod was touched to the sample and brought near the antennae of a male moth held in wing clips. If he fluttered and made mating motions, the sample was adjudged to contain the sexual lure of the 500,000 martyred virgins.

At last the chemists isolated a small drop (20 mg.) of colorless, oily stuff, odorless to humans but with an enormous attraction for male gypsy moths. It could



OAKLAND AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER
For 2,000 flights, 750 miles of wire.

be diluted almost endlessly. Less than one ten-thousandth of a billionth of a gram (10^{-10} microgram) of it was enough to bring eager males fluttering out of the woods. When the potent oil was analyzed, it proved to be a surprisingly simple chemical (10-acetoxy-1-hydroxy-cis-7-hexadecene) that can be synthesized for \$5 per lb. Dr. Jacobson has about 1 lb. on hand. If it were diluted and used to bait traps at the present rate, it would last for 300 years, but the Department of Agriculture has bigger ideas. By liberally sprinkling an infested area with synthetic sex lure mixed with poison, it hopes to exterminate the gypsy moth males, dooming the females to chastity. If this tactic works, the next step will be to synthesize the lures of other pestiferous insects.

Traffic Control in the Sky

Moving silently across 21-inch radar screens, the dime-sized blips traced the passage of jet aircraft overhead. At electronic consoles shirt-sleeved men spoke into pushbutton telephones, scanned slender strips of coded paper punched out by high-speed computers. Thus, in a bomb-proof building south of Oakland, Calif., the U.S.'s most modern air traffic control center last week went into operation.

The Oakland center was born of disaster: on June 30, 1956 a Trans World Airlines Super Constellation and a United Air Lines DC-7 lumbered blindly into each other over the Grand Canyon, sent 128 passengers and crew members to their deaths, and convinced the last cost-conscious doubter that the nation's traffic control system was dangerously inadequate. As a direct result of the collision and others, Congress created the Federal Aviation Agency and this year provided \$150 million to build a network of 36 new control centers. Of these, Oakland is the first.

To handle a daily average of 2,000 flights, the Oakland center has 750 miles of telephone wire within its walls, with enough switching equipment to sustain a city of 20,000. The Oakland controllers are in fingertip communication with 40 airport control towers and radar approach control centers in California and Nevada. Ten transmitters perched on peaks provide ground-to-air relays. A long-range microwave antenna speeds the blips of moving light to the center's radar screens, enabling the safety officers to "see" the planes they are directing.

L. Ponton de Arce, regional air traffic chief for the FAA, supervises the Oakland center. Only 25 years ago, in Newark, De Arce had helped install the world's first air traffic control center—at a cost of \$158. "We kept track of planes by moving little bits of slate around on a map," he recalled last week. "Sometimes I get nostalgic for those days when you flew around anywhere you wanted to. Everything moves just a little too fast today."

New Time, New Length

Since the 19th century, science and industry have honored a holy of holies: a bar of platinum-iridium alloy, triple-locked in a sub-basement at Sèvres on the outskirts of Paris. Near the ends of the bar were engraved two microscopically thin lines, and the distance between them was exactly one meter—by international agreement, the world standard of measurement. Around the globe, other countries had copies of the bar at Sèvres, and their traditional units of length—feet (3.28 to a meter), versis, li, or whatever—were defined by reference to it. But last week the sacred bar was in effect tossed on the scrap heap. A General Conference on Weights and Measures, meeting at Paris, made a wave length of light



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500,000 martyred virgins.



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the new official standard of length. The meter is now defined as 1,650,763.73 wave lengths of the orange-red light given off by electrically excited krypton 86, a rare gas extracted from the atmosphere. The U.S. inch is 25,399.999 wave lengths.

The Old Last Word. Precise standards of measurement are a present-day perplexity. On a laboratory wall in the U.S. Bureau of Standards hangs a blow-up of a 19th century woodcut showing 10 men lined up heel to toe to define the meter, an old German measure of length related to the English rod. That was fine for the 18th century. But since then each advance in technology has required better measurements. The standard meter bar, adopted by 25 nations, including the U.S., in 1889 was considered the last word. Used with elaborate comparing devices, it could measure with an accuracy of one part in 100 million. And that seemed as good as would ever be needed.

But metrologists soon began to worry about the meter bar. It might be lost or destroyed, or its metal might change with time in subtle and unpredictable ways, altering the distance between the lines by a fatal few parts per million. Worst of all, as the years passed and technological requirements became even more devastatingly precise, the bar's accuracy was no longer good enough. A master standard must be at least ten times more accurate than the practical measuring systems that are derived from it, and modern industry began to call for tolerances expressed in millionths of an inch. An error of this infinitesimal order in a gyro guidance system might send a space probe to the wrong planet, millions of miles off the track.

The New Answer. The waves of krypton 86 have none of these failings. They cannot be lost, destroyed, damaged or stolen (there is krypton in all air), and scientists believe that their length which is determined by the properties of the krypton 86 atom, will never change at all. Anyone with the proper equipment (present cost about \$100,000) can reproduce even a million years from now, the standard unit of length adopted in 1960. By use of an interferometer—an optical device that counts wave lengths and fractions of them—the new light standard gives measurements accurate to one part in 100 million. This, think the metrologists, should suffice for quite a while.

Besides adopting a new standard of length, the conference adopted a new standard of time. Until now the second has been defined as a specific fraction (1/86,400,000) of the day, which is one rotation of the earth. This is not good enough for modern science, especially astronomy, because the period of the earth's rotation varies slightly in ways that are not properly understood. So, decreed the conference, from now on the second will be a fraction of the year, the earth's revolution around the sun. In case this very stable interval should change in the future, the second was defined as 1/31,556,925.9747th of the year 1900.

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Thanks to this priceless "Standard of Excellence" you are assured that Calvert Reserve's magnificent taste and character never vary from bottle to bottle. That's why your first sip will say . . .

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First in Control

SINCE 1889

CINEMA

The New Pictures

Never on Sunday (Melinofilm; United Artists) is a rambunctious little politico-philosophical fable about The Virtuous Whore and The Quiet American. Written, produced and directed by Jules (Riff), *He Who Must Die*. Dassin (for a sum (\$125,000) that would scarcely pay the light bill on the average Hollywood feature. *Sunday* has been playing to packed houses in Paris since last May. The title song of the picture is one of Europe's top tunes these days, and for her work as the leading lady-of-the-evening Greece's Melina (Stella) Mercouri was proclaimed 1960's best on-screen actress at the Cannes Film Festival.

The plot of the picture seems at a glance no more than a remnant of an old chestnut: the tale of the reformer reformed. The hero (portrayed by Director Dassin himself "because I couldn't afford to pay an actor to play the part") is an intellectual Boy Scout from Middletown, U.S.A., who takes a trip to Greece in the wide-eyed expectation that in the cradle of Western philosophy he will "find the truth." He finds instead a warmhearted disrespectful prostitute (Actress Mercouri) who tumbles only for the men she likes, charges only what they are willing or able to pay and never does business on Sunday.

The Boy Scout, horrified to find the glory that was Greece reduced to such sordid circumstances, decides to do a good deed. With the secret financial assistance of the local vice czar, who fears the prostitute's casual price policy will ruin his market, the hero initiates a program of cultural aid to the heroine's underdeveloped area—the mind. Oblivious the heroine at first abandons the pleasures of the body, discovers the pleasures of the intellect. But in the denouement she also discovers that when nature is denied, spirit suffers too. The film ends with a glare of strumpets as the heroine leads a rousingly hilarious red-light revolution and the luckless hero sails home sadder but wiser.

Dassin's satire is obviously directed at the U.S., but his touch is light and his affection for the object of his satire unmistakable. Unlike his hero, Dassin is not trying to save anybody. He merely wants to suggest that the missionary mentality which he believes to be an American complex, is at best childish and at worst ineffective. The idea is scarcely original, but Dassin expresses it in a wonderful rush of animal spirits and earthy humor. (Best bit: a scene in which an aging trollop recounts her favorite dream, "I get married to a man 54 years old," she says wistfully, "He has a little money, and—do I get a rest!") Dassin himself, a man with the curious, worldly-otherworldly face of a middle-aged elf, is always amusing to watch. And mercurial Mercouri, a sort of Levantine Carmen Miranda embodies with phenomenal vitality the philosophical premises of the film: 1) know-how is not

necessarily power; 2) money cannot buy anything that really matters; 3) the only way to save the world is to love the people in it and accept them as they are.

On the morning of April 25, 1951, the name of Harlem-raised Jules (Brute Force, *Naked City*) Dassin was one of the hotter properties in Hollywood. By late afternoon of that day his name was mud. The difference was made in the few minutes it took one of his fellow directors to tell a congressional committee (TIME, May 7, 1951) that Dassin was a Communist.

Instantly Dassin's name was added to the Hollywood blacklist and for five

over his years of enforced obscurity. Says he: "Now people here look me in the eye. They used to look at my cheekbones. But very often it was because they thought I was uncomfortable and not because they were hostile."

Hell to Eternity (Atlantic Pictures; Allied Artists). Guy Gabaldon, a Los Angeles boy of Spanish descent, went to live with a Japanese-American family when he was eleven. At 17, even though he had a punctured eardrum and his height (5 ft. 3 in.) was short of the Marine minimum, Gabaldon was accepted for World War II service with the Corps because he spoke fluent Japanese. Sent to Saipan, Gabaldon promptly went over the hill—toward the Japanese lines—and returned with several enemy soldiers he had



"SUNDAY" STARS MERCOURI & DASSIN IN A PARIS NIGHTCLUB
In a glare of strumpets, a red-light revolution.

years hand-running he was out of work. Even in Europe, moviemakers were afraid to hire him: U.S. theaters might refuse to show a picture Dassin directed. He lived in Paris, writing plays and poems, going into debt. But the years, he insists, were not wasted. "I had time to think and feel. I began those years as a technician. I came out of them an artist."

In 1956 Dassin got a chance to show what he had learned. A French producer remembering *Brute Force*, assigned him to direct a thriller called *Rififi*—which sent both critics and audiences into convulsions. With profits in pocket, Dassin took a crew to Crete and transformed Novelist Nikos Kazantzakis' *The Greek Passion* into a movie (*He Who Must Die*) that proved to be one of the most powerful religious statements ever put on film. At that United Artists offered to finance four Dassin films in seven years, with Dassin to have complete freedom of topic and treatment. A reflective, unshowy showman, Dassin is pleased with his second Hollywood success but not bitter

persuaded to surrender. Night after night thereafter he snaked through the Japanese positions until his grand total of prisoners by persuasion rose to about 2,000. After Saipan's fall, he was awarded the Silver Star for actions that, in the words of his commanding officer, "unquestionably saved many lives and substantially shortened the [campaign]."

Gabaldon's exploits would probably satisfy almost any appetite for adventure except that of a Hollywood producer. In any case, they seemed not nearly adventurous enough to Producer Irving H. Levin, who is responsible for this film biography of Gabaldon. The usual big sex org— the one in which dancing girls bump and marines jump as though hit with a .45 slug—was stuck in where it obviously doesn't belong, along with the usual improbable battle scenes. Casting note: the undersized hero is played by 6-11, 2-in. Jeffrey Hunter. This time it seems to have been Gabaldon, retained as a "technical adviser" on the picture, who was persuaded to surrender.



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TIME, OCTOBER 31, 1960

RELIGION

The Martyrs' Heads

At a Brussels auction last year, Antique Dealer Victor van 't Ytrecht noticed two handsome 18th century bronze busts of Roman soldiers in coats of mail. He bought them and took them back home to Namur. There, Van 't Ytrecht's partner and stepson noticed that one of the heads seemed a bit loose. When he tried to tighten it, the bust came apart. Inside was a wooden box, bound with red silk bands and heavy seals, inscribed *Cap. S. Felicis. M.*

The dealers promptly called in a neighbor priest, who identified the box as a reliquary and the inscription as meaning *Caput Sancti Felicis Martyr* (the head of St. Felix, Martyr). When church officials cut the ribbons and opened the box, a yellow skull wrapped in red silk stared out at them.

Scientific tests of cloth and bone proved to the church's satisfaction that it was indeed St. Felix's head. The skull hidden in the other bust was identified as that of his friend and fellow 4th century martyr, St. Nabor. Tradition tells that the saints were Moorish soldiers in the army of the Emperor Diocletian, stationed in what is now Milan in about A.D. 303. Under repeated torture they refused to renounce their Christian faith. At last they were both beheaded, and their remains were eventually buried in Milan's oldest Christian cemetery. Turned over to the keeping of the Franciscans, the heads and bodies remained together until the Napoleonic wars, when the headless bodies ended up in Milan's ancient St. Ambrose Church. How and when the heads found their way to Belgium no one knows.

Last week a solemn procession wound through the streets of Milan. In a flower-decked automobile rode the heads of the

two soldier saints with an honor guard of artillery troops in dress uniforms, and behind them came Milan's Cardinal Montini. In the church dedicated to the two martyrs, the heads were laid to rest in a glass reliquary with a special Mass.

The Means & the End

The rummage sale is a well-entrenched church institution, and few people know more about it than Sylvia McDaniel, 63 who helps to run a "next-to-new shop" in Springfield, Mo. With her help, Springfield's Christ Church (Episcopal) has raised funds with rummage sales for 25 years. In the Episcopal weekly, *The Living Church*, not long ago, Rummager McDaniel led readers in on some trade secrets. Items:

❑ Do not put price tags on the clothes. "These always get shuffled around in some mysterious way and then the arguments begin . . . It is far safer and more profitable in the long run for each salesgirl to be a walking price catalogue."

❑ If a "good customer" wants to buy before the sale opens, "by all means accommodate her. Any advance sale brings more money."

❑ Sell the mirrors before anything else. "Those fetching hats may never sell if the customer sees herself in them first."

❑ Rummage-sale workers can have a "good laugh" when a stolen alarm clock in a shopping bag goes off. "Some of the customers are real sharpies who can steal pants from under coats, stuff costume jewelry into their sleeves and pockets, and exchange their own shoes and purses at the rummage counters with a magician's skill."

❑ Do not be sothearted. "The frail young woman with a drove of ragged children trailing her is often an agent for

The prosperity we want is true prosperity

Your personal prosperity depends greatly on which kind of national prosperity we have—real or artificial prosperity, lasting or temporary prosperity.

Temporary prosperity can be built by going heavily into debt. True, this could satisfy demands for instant prosperity. However, such prosperity would have to be paid later with future taxes. This would be prosperity by postponement of payment—which could eventually plunge the nation into excessive debt.

Lasting, true prosperity is solidly built with money earned by producing goods in factories and on farms. This kind of money is sound because it is based on created goods, not guesses. It has predictable purchasing power from year to year.

Since true prosperity is based essentially on earnings from actual wealth produced, anything which helps cause business, industry, and agriculture to flourish, helps build real prosperity for everyone.

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RELICS OF NABOR & FELIX IN MILAN
Behind the bronze visages, a testament to faith.

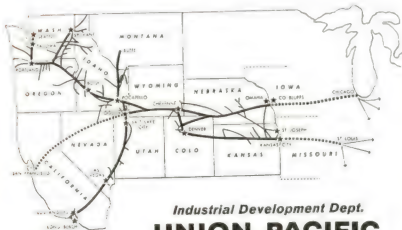
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some secondhand store, and follows all of the rummage sales in that same appealing manner. If some customers seem actually needy, tell them how to get in touch with a charitable organization that does not charge.

Such advice shocked *Living Church* readers. Mrs. Roger Ray of Cape Elizabeth, Me., denounced the article as "explicit directions for organized sinning by church women." The Rev. Henry Johnson Jr. of Evanston, Ill., called it "a new and absolute low in religious journalism." The article represents a terrible judgment upon us, and I cannot see how any church publication could be a party to perverting religion, even in the name of any empty, upper-crust Episcopalianism."

Busy Lutheran Week

The largest Lutheran body in the U.S.—the 2,500,000-member United Lutheran Church in America—wound up its 22nd biennial convention in Atlantic City last week. In a busy round of meetings, the 700 clerical and lay delegates:

✓ Approved a merger with three other Lutheran denominations—the 605,000-member Augustana Evangelical Lutheran Church, organized in 1860 by U.S. citizens of Swedish birth or ancestry; the 36,000-member Finnish Evangelical Lutheran Church (Suomi Synod), founded in 1890; the 24,000-member American Evangelical Lutheran Church organized by Danish missionaries in 1872. The move to merge, said United Lutheran President Franklin Clark Fry, was a "historic and momentous decision."

✓ Substituted a 10,000-word statement on Holy Communion for the 250-word statement in effect for 20 years. The new policy, which will guide 4,872 United Lutheran pastors, tentatively opens the door to celebration of Communion with Protestants of other denominations.

✓ Adopted a resolution against testing nuclear weapons, calling for "such forms of peaceful cooperation and competitive coexistence with the Communist world as will oppose and seek to overcome the totalitarian concept of control."

✓ Rejected a resolution calling for a ban on capital punishment, by the slender margin of 248 to 238.

More Catholics

Roman Catholicism continues to gain faster than Protestantism in the U.S., according to the *Yearbook of American Churches for 1961*, published this week by the National Council of Churches. Protestant-Catholic membership comparisons are notoriously approximate—Protestant bodies generally count only confirmed, active members, while the Roman Catholic Church counts all who have been baptized. Catholics are up 3.4% from last year's report, with 40,871,302 members; Protestants are up 1.7%, with 62,534,502 members (in 226 bodies); total U.S. church membership is up 2.4%, with 112,226,004. The number of Jews reported by the Synagogue Council of America is unchanged: 5,500,000.



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EDUCATION

Weeding the Ivy

For eight centuries, regulations have proliferated as fast as the ivy at Britain's tradition-loving Oxford University. Still, traditionally an Oxford's books are Latin, couched laws forbidding gladiators, race dancers and deer hunting on the premises. More irritating, because still enforced, are such medieval regulations as the one that imposes a midnight curfew on all undergraduates. Fighting the rules is generally futile. It is Oxford legend that when one modern undergraduate demanded the pint of ale to which he was entitled when taking examinations, the university proctors duly presented him with his tankard—together with a still time for not wearing a sword, another molder he had overlooked in his researches.

Last week, though still proliferating Oxford's rules took an uncharacteristically liberal turn. Henceforth decreed the proctors, undergraduates may "smoke in public in academic dress," and "women students may entertain men in their lodgings until 10 p.m. rather than 7 p.m. provided college authorities are willing. But with their usual imperturbability, Oxonians scoffed at the changes. Undergraduates have long smoked in public anyway, and girls seemingly prefer the 3 p.m. blue law. Said one proper fresh woman: "I take my bath at ten, and I should have to be seen in curlers. I would rather be seen nude than in curlers." Last real progress at Oxford in the eyes of most undergraduates, a 1920s decision that they need not move their beds into the hall while entertaining men.

Reconciling the Old & New

When he took over the "wreck" of Washington, D.C.'s integrated public schools 2½ years ago, Superintendent Carl F. Hansen confounded pessimists everywhere by raising academic standards higher than they had been under segregation (TIME, Feb. 1). His latest innovation may do even more to revolutionize the capital's educational system. Called Amidon School, it is a determined effort to resolve the long-standing war between "basic" and "progressive" education by developing a curriculum that combines the best of both.

Began last month in an urban-renewal area in southwest Washington, Amidon is open to any Washington child whose parents provide transportation. Its 465 students, about half of them Negro, are housed in a two-story red brick building that looks like any other elementary school in the land. The big difference lies in the premise on which Hansen has founded Amidon: "The main purpose of organized education is to cultivate the basic subjects as the building blocks of intelligent behavior."

Indians & Doorbells. Hansen has no quarrel with progressive education's contention that problem-solving is more interesting than rote learning. But he thinks

progressives underestimate the pride that children take in acquiring intellectual skills. Instead of directly teaching the skills necessary to solve problems, progressive schools, rooted in a kind of subtle moral advertising, they start out with units of experience, built around such lively illustrations as the Red Man. After observing an unusual shout in the classroom, children, after Indian rhetoric, supposedly absorbing grammar and spelling along the way.

Instead of treating young minds as given education Hansen, in a recent (TIME)



SUPERINTENDENT HANSEN & STUDENTS AT AMIDON SCHOOL.

He teaches without a headpiece.

imprisons them. When science is cloaked in a "home unit," it may get stuck at the doorbell—and never reach the principles of electricity. Says Hansen: "One is inclined to be interested in what one knows. Children want still more of the American Indian because that is what they know. This is not helping them to learn."

Teaching & Thinking. Unlike all-out progressive educators, Hansen refuses to leave learning to chance. Though Amidon's youngsters will get plenty of "experience-centered activities," they will not be "lost in a hodgepodge of unit teaching." Reading begins with phonics in first grade and formal grammar starts in fourth grade (two years earlier than in most U.S. schools). Writing is heavily emphasized because it "improves and refines thinking"—and the same goes for math and science. More outrageous yet by progressive standards, geography focuses on specific places, and U.S. history is taught in chronological order "to develop an historian's capacity to see and evaluate primary sources."

Forward Step. All this, insists Hansen, is not just "a reversion to the stilted education of the turn of the century." In fact, he adds with a quiet smile: "I could be wrong, but I think this is the direction education will take in this country."

Against IQs

In U.S. education's Sputnik-sparked search for talent, the latest grail is "creativity." Few search for it harder than Psychologists Jacob W. Getzels and Philip W. Jackson of the University of Chicago, who sharply disagree with the prevalent notion that a high IQ is the mark of "giftedness." In fact, argue Getzels and Jackson, the truly creative child who thrives on novelty is likely to find IQ tests boring and hence do poorly on them.

Seeking a better yardstick than the IQ, Getzels and Jackson tried asking children to glance at "stimulus" pictures and write at appropriate story. Recently, the pair

gave their "test" to 300 teen-agers, including both high-IQ students and youngsters who appeared highly creative.

One of the Getzels-Jackson pictures showed a man in an airplane seat. Biting his pencil thoughtfully, a high-IQ teenager jotted down a conventional description of "Mr. Smith" returning "from a successful business trip" and "thinking about his wonderful family and how glad he will be to see them again." To a creative classmate, the situation looked very different. "This man," he wrote, "is flying back from Reno where he has just won a divorce from his wife. He couldn't stand to live with her any more because she wore so much cold cream on her face at night that her head would skid across the pillow and hit him in the head. He is now contemplating a new skid-proof face cream."

The kind of mind that can conceive of skidproof face cream, concede Getzels and Jackson, is likely to drive a teacher dotey. But it is also they argue, the kind of mind that solves problems by striking out in new directions. And until teachers conquer their tendency to associate goodness with giftedness and to mark accordingly, they add, U.S. schools will continue to smother some of the nation's best youngsters.

Angry Voice on the Right

As a commercial publishing venture, *National Review* magazine is a dud. In its brief history, it has spent some \$860,000 more than it has taken in. Its founder, Editor in Chief William F. Buckley Jr., 34, works for nothing, says that he had to resign from the Yale Club for "economic reasons." But by Bill Buckley's lights, *National Review* is nonetheless a spanking success: it has become the most notable U.S. periodical speaking for the far political right.

As of this week, celebrating its fifth birthday, *National Review* has a circulation of 31,913, placing it among the leading secular journals of opinion. *National Review* achieved that status against such veteran competitors as the *New Republic* (circ. 35,031) and the *Nation* (circ. 24,015), whose viewpoints place them at the other end of the political spectrum.

National Review is bossed by a brilliant young man who has all his life carried a torch as if it were a branding iron for what he calls conservatism. Bill Buckley is the son of a man who built a \$100 million empire in Latin American oil. From his weaning, Buckley was immersed in conservative doctrine. At age six, Bill wrote an angry letter to King George V, demanding that England pay its war debt. As a Yale undergraduate, he advised the U.S. State Department to deliver an ultimatum to Russia: Either hold free elections in Czechoslovakia—or else.

Bill Buckley entered Yale in 1946 as a confirmed conservative and a Roman Catholic. He was soon appalled—and not the least of his talents is in being appalled—after discovering that his own values were unfashionable there. So, in 1951, Buckley produced a bestselling book called *God*

and *Man at Yale*. It accused the Yale faculty, in sweeping terms, of teaching along anti-Christian and anti-capitalistic lines. *God and Man at Yale* became a pro and con reference point for political eggheads of both the left and right.

After *God and Man*, Buckley, in company with his brother-in-law, L. Brent Bozell, wrote a book called *McCarthy and His Enemies*, an apologia for the late Senator from Wisconsin that was soundly denounced by many who had never taken the trouble to read it. This established Bill Buckley as conservatism's enfant terrible as well as the scourge of liberalism. *National Review*, a magazine that would provide him with a regular opportunity to play both roles, was the result. He established *National Review* as the only U.S. magazine that would "stand athwart history yelling 'Stop!'"

In its five years of life, Buckley has led *National Review* through a sometimes baffling intellectual maze. In 1956, one of its editors, James (*The Managerial Revolution*) Burnham, recommended President Eisenhower's re-election: "The least bad choice." In the same issue, another editor, William S. Schlam, urged Eisenhower's defeat: "To liberate the Republican Party from the man who is destroying it." In 1960 the magazine has endorsed Richard M. Nixon, but with the back of its hand ("Who likes Nixon's Republicanism? We don't!"), as the only alternative to the Democrats' John F. Kennedy.

In a labyrinth of double negatives, the *National Review's* Buckley describes segregation as "not intrinsically immoral." He encourages sit-in demonstrations against segregation, but at the same time he violently opposes compelling school integration by law. The magazine is against the graduated income tax, the inheritance tax, centralized government, and Dr. Albert Schweitzer, whose theology, according to a book review published in the Sept. 10 issue, is more destructive than the H-bomb.

Last week Editor in Chief Buckley expressed confidence that in the future, conservatism could only move upward. Already, he said, *National Review* has sparked a conservative revival among U.S. college students: "It is easy to pooh-pooh the fact that the party of the right is now the largest party in the Political Union at Yale, but it's very important. The point is we're humming."

Try, Try Again

When the first edition of the Denver *Post* reached Editorial Page Editor Mort Stern's desk one day last week, Stern opened it to the editorial page. After one horrified look, he sped a Stern command to the composing room. Two hours later, when the *Post's* second edition hit the streets, the work of Editorial Cartoonist Paul Conrad was gone.

What stirred Stern's wrath was a particularly unflattering portrait of President Dwight D. Eisenhower (see cut). The



"He Will Go To KOREA, JAPAN, GHANA, MIDDLE EAST, AFRICA, FAR EAST, SOUTH AMERICA, ANYWHERE—UNLESS, OF COURSE, MR. KENNEDY IS ELECTED..."

"independent" *Post* has learned to expect less than charity for Ike from its Democratic cartoonist, who habitually draws the President to look as if he does not have all his marbles.

"Beyond the limits of good taste," said Editor Stern, substituting a syndicated cartoon by Bill Mauldin for the absent Conrad. "It was cruel," agreed *Post* Publisher Palmer Hoyt. Said chastened Cartoonist Conrad: "If the management wants to drop a cartoon or substitute another one, that is its prerogative."

Man Who Came to Dinner

To Samuel I. Newhouse, 65, the little-known press lord whose 14 daily newspapers form the nation's fastest-growing newspaper chain, anything less than absolute possession of a paper is unthinkable. Sometimes newspapers resist his all-consuming appetite: it took him six years, from 1945 to 1951, to swallow the *Jersey City Jersey Journal*, and he is still trying diligently to enlarge the 15% bite he took in the Denver *Post* last June. Right after Denver, hungry Sam Newhouse invited himself to a newspaper feast in Springfield, Mass. But by last week his New England dinner was biting back.

"Inglorious End," Newhouse paid some \$4,000,000 for what will eventually be a controlling 85% of Springfield's three papers, the morning *Union* (circ. 81,000), the evening *News* (100,000) and the Sunday *Republican* (112,000). The papers are the succulent descendants of a family empire founded in 1824 by Samuel Bowles. Newhouse's buy included possession rights to a 45% stock holding that belonged to the widow and four children of Sherman Hoar Bowles, the papers' eccentric last

* The *Portland Oregonian*, which is Newhouse-owned, has been struck by the American Newspaper Guild and printing-trades unions, along with the rival evening *Oregon Journal*, since Nov. 10, 1950. Both have lost heavily on circulation but are still appearing. Last week Donald R. Newhouse, 41, Samuel Newhouse's cousin and business manager of the morning *Oregonian*, was wounded in the thigh by an unintended assailant who fired a shotgun through a basement window.



"NATIONAL REVIEW'S" BUCKLEY
Athwart history yelling "Stop!"



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PRESS LORD NEWHOUSE
The feast of' back.

dynastic proprietor, who died in 1952. But until 1967, voting rights to that 45% are held by a voting trust controlled by trustees of the papers' pension funds. (Bowles, though he fought unions, was a paternalistic employer who wanted his own employees to have a big stake in their paper.) Thus, along with another 18%, actually owned by the pension fund, the trustees (all of them staff members) are in control.

No sooner did Newhouse start to move in than the trustee-directed papers began growling at the man who presumably meant to eat them up. Cried the *Union* and the *News* in front-page editorials.

The work and pride of four generations is at an inglorious end." When Newhouse asked to see the company books, Treasurer Sidney Cook, 56, spokesman for the current management, not only refused but barred him from the plant.

"Just as Stubborn." Confronted with such stern resistance, Newhouse has sued in U.S. District Court in Boston for the right to examine the books. He does not deny a consuming curiosity about the papers' pension fund, which finances employee benefits unparalleled in the U.S. press: A Springfield newspaper employee of 30 years can retire at 60 at full pay for life. To support such generosity, Newhouse says, the fund has assets in excess of \$15 million.

"I do not want to impair the pension rights of any present employee," says Newhouse, "but I want the profits hereafter to be used for the improvement of the physical plant and of the newspapers themselves." As far as Custodian Cook is concerned, Newhouse can whistle somewhere else for a meal—at least until 1967. Said Cook last week: "Newhouse has met a bunch of New England Yankees up here who are just as stubborn as he is."



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(Bottom) KILGORE, Texas, where oil derricks surround a bustling downtown shopping district, is heart of the East Texas oil field and home of the renowned Kilgore Rangerettes.



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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

The News That's Fit to Tape

This may be remembered as the TV season when public-affairs programs, as they are primarily called, began to come into their own. While they cannot possibly match the concern a network lavishes on a profitable husband-and-wife comedy, they have made some impressive strides



PRODUCER IRVING GITLIN
Out of the intellectual ghetto.

into prime evening time. Spurred equally by the guilt feelings left over from the quiz frauds and by interest in the political campaign, the networks are putting more information programs on the air than ever before. If the 1960 campaign seems to have been less fustian than others in the past, TV's exacting eye and ear deserve much of the credit.

Apart from *The Great Debate*, which despite shortcomings stayed consistently exciting, other shows, such as NBC's *Meet the Press* and CBS's *Face the Nation* and *Presidential Countdown*, have kept the candidates steaming under glass. Always at their best when covering events as they actually happen, the networks' cameras were brilliantly active during the U.N.'s recent parliament of fouls, picking up everything from Mr. K.'s desk pounding to Fidel Castro bearding pedestrians outside his Harlem hotel.

But the real test of TV as a news medium is whether it can organize and analyze events. In that field, the most notable effort so far this year is being made by a former college instructor and science researcher who bears the improbable title of Executive Producer, Creative Projects, NBC News and Public Affairs. A cigar-smoking, rumpled, un-Brooks Brotherly type, Irving Gitlin, 42, jumped networks last May after being instrumental (as

CBS's Director of Public Affairs) in the development of *Twentieth Century*, *Face the Nation*, *Conquest* and other first-rate shows. "CBS is a mature situation," says Gitlin. "NBC is ripening." Translation: having lagged far behind CBS in information coverage for years, NBC is using Gitlin to try to close the gap. Among Gitlin's projects:

The NBC White Paper Series. Six hour-long reports on topics ranging from American flacks to U.S. problems with the Panama Canal. The series begins next month with a study of the Government's handling of the U-2 program.

The Nation's Future. A weekly, hour-long series of debates. Gitlin started by making a list of 30 "impossible" opponents, e.g., Ben-Gurion and Nasser, is still trying to line up as many as possible. The first, hardly sensational encounter, on Nov. 12, joins Atomic Scientists Edward Teller and Leo Szilard on disarmament.

Purex Specials. A daytime series intended mainly for women—although the first program interested a nearly equal number of men. Called *The Cold Woman*, it dealt with sexual frigidity in the human female, effectively balanced four acts of slightly soapy dramatization with clinical commentary by a psychiatrist and a psychologist.

Outside Gitlin's domain is one of NBC's greatest assets this year: Robert Saudek's memorable *Omnibus*, which, after a season off the air and years of scuttling back and forth between networks, resumes on NBC next month. The first show studies the various ways in which U.S. Presidents have used their power.

For all the well-publicized stir created by Gitlin's NBC projects, his old network under CBS News President Sig Mickelson still holds the most solid ground in information programs. Among the news shows and durable holdovers:

Eyewitness to History. A weekly half-hour designed to fill one of the more obvious gaps in TV news coverage. While TV can be on the air quickly with late news and while it has shown its ability to summarize longstanding problems (as in Murrow's *See It Now*), TV in general has often failed to handle a big current event with analytic depth. To meet that need, *Eyewitness* will cover a major news story of each week, is pledged to change its story within hours of air time if necessary. So far the show has been effective but not always as flexible as promised. Its coverage of the Congo was long-range feature rather than news reporting; its analysis of the U.N. sessions, however, was both penetrating and immediate.

The Twentieth Century must last until 1990. Always imaginative in its approach to recent history, the program will leave its usual format next week to do a novel portrait of Middle Linebacker Sam Huff of the New York Giants. A small transmitter was sewed into Huff's padding during practice sessions and an exhibition game with the Chicago Bears, yielding

such odd fragments as a defensive signal that goes "Brigitte Bardot double blitz" and a sharp warning from Huff to an elbow-throwing Bear: "You do that one more time. 88, and I'm going to sock you one."

CBS Reports, now in its second year with Edward R. Murrow and Executive Producer Fred Friendly and still the best show of its kind, has picked Thanksgiving week to offer a shocking picture of migrant farm workers in America. While TV generally lacks an editorial page, Murrow's comments—for better or for worse—come close.

Tomorrow, a science series opening this week with the long-awaited demonstration of the machine that can write westerns.

The Right Man, a one-shot special which this week took a retrospective look at campaigns and campaigners throughout U.S. history, came up with a prodigious list of well-known stars—Thomas Mitchell as Grover Cleveland, Edward G. Robinson as Teddy Roosevelt, Art Carney as F.D.R.—and a curious collection of little-known facts, e.g., William Jennings Bryan (Martin Gabel) calmed his nerves with a ham sandwich before his "Cross of Gold" speech.

Public-affairs shows still deliver far smaller audiences than a great many entertainment programs. But more and more



CARNEY AS F.D.R.
Better than ham.

sponsors are beginning to realize that the prestige and good will gained with a good information program can be more important than ratings. An unprecedented number of public-affairs shows this season are sponsored. Says NBC's Gitlin: "We want no charity in this area. The days of the Sunday afternoon intellectual ghetto are gone." But it still takes courage for a sponsor to go all the way downwind with a good public-affairs program. The most notable example this season is the Bell & Howell Camera Co., which backed the

ABC *Close-Up!* survey of racial prejudice in the North, *Close-up!* has also had a turbulent look at Haiti, plans ABC programs on water pollution, featherbedding and Communism in Africa.

THEATER ABROAD

Strasberg-on-Avon

One play, when it first turned up, was just "30 pages of unprintable dialogue." Another was a draft mailed in for criticism by a 19-year-old Lancashire girl. Yet each had all the racy, rowdy, down-to-life vitality that Producer-Director Joan Littlewood is forever seeking. After helping the authors to shape their work, she staged both plays—Brendan Behan's *The Hush* and Shelagh Delaney's *A Taste of Honey*—in her small, 512-seat Theater Royal in the waterfront London slum district called Stratford East. Both won so much praise that they eventually moved from farthingville to London's moved West End. Both are now on Broadway.

In two years Joan Littlewood's Theater Workshop has turned from a semi-improvised repertory company into a money-losing enterprise. Wolf Mankowitz' *Make Me an Offer*, ex-Convict Frank Norman's *Fings Ain't What They Used to Be*, and five other Workshop plays have succeeded in the big time. None of this particularly impresses Joan Littlewood who thinks that both the West End and Broadway are "contemptible as art and unsuccessful as business." Her avowed aim is "to break up the teacup theater."

Low Exuberance. In reaction to the genteel, polite, French-doors-and-tennis-rackets comedy that has long been the West End's mirror of English life, Joan Littlewood likes to fill her theater with the smell of cold porridge and soft coal her stage with people of small means and great imagination. She likes her characters to brag with people of small means and great imagination. She likes her characters to brag with people of small means and great imagination. She likes her characters to brag with people of small means and great imagination.

She has put the British people back on the stage, and the British people, of every variety, are filling the audience too. Long black Bentleys and Rolls-Royces of the Establishment quietly rubber into Stratford East every evening. But it is Joan Littlewood's proudest claim that two-thirds of the Workshop's audience come from within five miles of the playhouse.

Neighborhood Theater. To create a neighborhood theater was Joan Littlewood's ambition as far back as the early '30s, when she was a scholarship student at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. With a working-class background, she was full of phlegm because "there were hunger marches outside, and inside were girls being taught this tennis-club stuff." After completing the course, she left London on



PRODUCER-DIRECTOR LITTLEWOOD
Of brass and ponce.

foot to walk north to seek her career, collapsed after 112 miles in Burton-on-Trent, scrubbed out a pub to get fare to go on to Manchester. There she got a job acting, writing and directing for the BBC.

Two years later she founded an itinerant repertory group with a playwright-folk singer named Ewan MacColl, then known as Jimmy Miller, who later became her husband. The ten-member troupe traveled the north country in an ancient truck, often using the tailgate for a stage. Scattered in World War II, five of the players were killed; the other five grew into the Theater Workshop.

Bowdly Lyricism. Stocky, tousled, with a generous mouth, a furrowed brow and hazel eyes set in a wide, farm-wife face, Joan Littlewood at 45 is approximately a Strasberg-on-Avon. "Everyone on the stage behaves as if he had just been told that Stanislavsky was in the second row," wrote one critic of *Fings*. Under Littlewood's direction, actors are required to improvise business and situations before they so much as see a script. When Behan's prison drama, *The Quare Fellow*, went into rehearsal, she tried to show them what prison was like by leading them all up to the theater roof, marching them around on the grimy slate for hour after hour, stopping now and again to permit them a quick cigarette and furtive prisonary conversations.

In *The Hush*, orchestration is the actual word for what she has done—glidely and deftly moving Behan's wildly miscellaneous characters about the Doldrin brothel set, giving the almost plotless play a sense of unobtrusive structure. One of her new projects is a still unfinished Behan work called *Richard's Cork Leg*. One ditty it contains describes an execution in a graveyard. "And what of it?" says Joan Littlewood. "Until you get bowdly you won't get lyricism. Until you get lyricism, you won't get live theater."

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ART



DIRECTOR McLANATHAN ON BALCONY GALLERY OF UTICA'S ART MUSEUM

The Little League

Art news, like other news, is mostly made in the world's metropolises. But last week one of the top stories in the U.S. art world had its source in upstate New York's quiet Mohawk Valley. Improbable cause of all the excitement: the opening of a new art museum in Utica, N.Y. (pop. 100,000) and its inaugural show called "Art Across America." NEW UTICA MUSEUM DWARFS EVENTS HERE, headlined the New York Herald Tribune's big-city art writer.

Utica's Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute did not have a particularly promising start in life. Though the institute was formally founded in 1919—by two Proctor brothers who had married two Williamses who were the granddaughters of a Munson—it did not actually open until 1935, and for years was nothing more than a couple of Victorian buildings housing the vague beginnings of an art collection. But in 1955, sparked by the late Edward Wales Root, son of Elihu Root who later willed the institute his collection of 217 toplicht 20th century American paintings, the institute's five directors, pushed ahead with long-standing plans to expand. Running down a list of top U.S. architects, they finally settled on Manhattan's famed Philip Johnson (TIME, Sept. 5).

The Careful Eye. Unlike Frank Lloyd Wright, designer of Manhattan's spectacular Guggenheim, Architect Johnson was willing to concede that a museum's first function is to display not itself but its art. His simple classical building is essentially a large airy courtyard covered with a colored plastic skylight and surrounded by a graceful balcony that turns into a second floor. Designed with a careful eye on U.S. art museums' growing tendency to become civic centers, the Utica museum

boasts both a theater-in-the-round and a special hideaway for the kids—a room decked out with pint-sized furniture and bright pieces of sculpture to be felt and climbed. And each gallery is equipped with pocket-size radio receivers so that a visitor can hear a taped discussion of the pictures he is inspecting.

The Splendid Resources. Last week the little speakers could have delivered quite a lecture: on view were loans from 70 small U.S. museums supported by colleges and universities and by communities or under 100,000. The museum's Director Richard McLanathan, 44, had chosen them all: he went to Searsport, Me. to get a fine 10th century carved eagle, picked up the oldest painting in the show

a 1670 portrait of a two-year-old girl done with quasi-medieval flatness—from the Adams Museum in Quincy, Mass. From the Catskill (N.Y.) Public Library came a *Prometheus Bound* by pioneer U.S. Landscape Artist Thomas Cole; from Canaioharie, N.Y., a sensitive *Italian Head* by John Singer Sargent; and from Arizona State University, John James Audubon's *Osprey and the Otter and the Salmon*.

Among the moderns there were few surprises—a reflection, mused one critic unhappily, of the fact that "art across America today is the same as art across New York." But among the works of the earlier artists there was many a reminder of past artistic water-heels such as the marble *Free Discomulute* of Hiram Powers, who in the mid 19th century re-established the nude as a fit subject for U.S. artists. And as Director McLanathan intended, the show did far more than turn the spotlight on Utica. It was also a tribute to all the small museums strewn across the U.S., striking proof of what McLanathan calls "the splendid resources of art in small places in America."

THE GENTLE REBEL

MAURICE BRAZIL PRENDERGAST WAS 64 years old and already on his deathbed when he learned one day in 1923 that Washington, D.C.'s Corcoran Gallery had given its Bronze Medal to one of his paintings. It was just about the only prize that had ever come his way, and the old man could not help being amused. "Well," he said, "I am glad they've found out I'm not crazy anyhow." For today's gallerygoer the wonder is more likely to be that so gentle and genteel a painter (see color) could ever have been considered a disturber of the peace.

This week the Boston Museum of Fine Arts opens a major show of 151 drawings, oils and watercolors intended to remind Americans that Maurice Prendergast was in fact, a rebel of note. Timid by nature and without a shred of temperament, he painted a sunshine world of parks, picnics and parasols, and peopled it with a race of doll-like creatures who seemed on perpetual holiday. Yet he was the first U.S. artist to paint with broken colors, helped organize New York's 1913 Armory Show which clamorously launched "modern art" in the U.S. His big trouble since has been that his touch was so light and his brush so gay that not everyone has been able to see that he was a rebel at all.

Balloons & Banners. The son of an Irish-born odd-job man, Prendergast grew up in Boston, started his career at 14 as an apprentice to a painter of show cards for stores. From early childhood he had wanted to be an artist, spent his free time endlessly sketching cows. Finally he scraped together enough money to go to Paris and then to Italy. Though he attended art classes, he found his real teachers elsewhere—the 16th century Vittore Carpaccio of Venice and France's Degas, Cézanne, Bonnard and Gauguin.

Like Carpaccio, Prendergast loved bright pageantry, and he filled his paintings with balloons, banners, swans, and outlandish animals that he simply made up. But for all the fun and fantasy, he was breaking new ground. Though he had abandoned the realism that dominated U.S. painting, he was too much of an individualist to fall wholly under the spell of the impressionists. He agreed with Gauguin that form existed not in nature but in the mind, and that form and color had a life of their own quite independent of subject matter. His apparently cluttered pictures were actually delicate mosaics in which color was used for its own sake and a carefully constructed design was imposed upon reality. As a watercolorist, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts ranks him with Winslow Homer and Marin; as an artist, the museum dubs him America's "first modern."

Strange Slop. As one of the famed "Eight" of Manhattan's Ashcan School, Prendergast bore the brunt of the attacks



MAURICE PRENDERGAST'S "STILL LIFE WITH APPLES"

YOUNG LADIES FROLIC DAINTELILY AT "LOW TIDE, BEACHMONT"





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THE THEATER

New Musical on Broadway

Tenderloin (Book by George Abbott and Jerome Weidman; music and lyrics by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick; based on Samuel Hopkins Adams' novel) is the work of the same team that turned out *Fiorello!* Like *Fiorello!*, *Tenderloin* is a period musical whose scene is New York and whose subject is reform. Unlike *Fiorello!*, this yarn of a clergyman of the '90s crusading against Manhattan's vast red-light district and colliding with its venal police force proves pretty heavy going. The high-principled minister is no

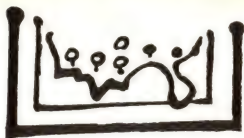


Eileen Derby-Grady in *THOUSE*
MAURICE EVANS IN "TENDERLOIN"
No gamecock, he.

such fighting gamecock as La Guardia, and Maurice Evans makes music comedy wear a stiff collar where Tom Bosley fit the Little Flower like a glove.

The show has its palpable good points—for a starter, George Abbott's direction. When the scarlet ladies, decked out by Cecil Beaton with inspired bad taste, stomp the stage, celebrate the flesh and sneer at the clergy, *Tenderloin* has a fleeting, gamy exuberance. Again, when the stage rocks with the round-dance economics of *How the Money Changes Hands*, or Ron Husmann rolls out *The Picture of Happiness*, there is sass and to spare. Jerry Bock's score is better than average, and the Sheldon Harnick lyrics are better than the score.

But *Tenderloin*'s story, with its uneasy shifts from pulpit to police court and from the choir loft to the girls upstairs, needs much more adroit handling than it gets. Again and again, gaiety is left waiting at the church door, and even sin turns tedious when it is allowed to talk. More and more, as virtue and decorum triumph, interest flags, color fades, and toughness is deprived of its teeth.



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SPORT



SYRACUSE'S COACH SCHWARTZWALDER (WITH "LUDWIG") & TEAM
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Coach Ben

All season long, the stubby little coach had worked over his beefy team with the blunt tongue he had developed as a para-trooping major in World War II. Nothing helped. Though undefeated, Syracuse squeaked through game after game, was the flop of the football year because it seemed to be living on its reputation as last year's national champion. Last week Coach Ben Schwartzwalder even threatened to demote some of his stars, including 215-lb. Fullback Art Baker, a pre-season All-America candidate. Snapped Coach Ben: "If any of you boys sulk about being put on the second team and don't play well there, we'll see how you like it on the third team."

Syracuse got the message loud and clear. Against West Virginia it jelled for the first time this year, won by 45-0. Syracuse still faced some formidable rivals, notably Pitt and Army. But win, lose or draw in 1960, the thick cluster of sophomores and juniors on the 1960 squad marked the birth of a new football dynasty, a team almost certain to contend for national honors for years to come. Ben Schwartzwalder, a man with a system, is the father of that dynasty.

Schwartzwalder makes no bones about the fact that his system is based on shrewd and aggressive recruiting. He gets his best material from families with modest incomes. "You don't find many really wealthy boys playing college football today," he says. "But a really poor boy is also a poor risk. He'll always be concerned with the folks at home and constantly needing money just for bare necessities—and this can mean trouble."

"We go after the boys who can play both offense and defense. A player who can go both ways has just got to have more talent and more learning ability

than the specialist. If we don't get the top backfield star of a high school, we look for the second best man with the hope he can be converted into a first-rate lineman. I especially like to get fullbacks overlooked by the 'money schools'—a high school coach will always put his biggest, strongest kid at fullback."

Slow but Sure. Above all, Schwartzwalder is looking for the kid who just plain likes to knock people down. No team in the nation plays rougher football than Syracuse. "Some teams try to figure out the easiest and fastest way to get over the goal line," says Schwartzwalder. "Well, we don't concentrate on the easiest or fastest way. We just concentrate on getting there. We believe in massing our men, and we start at tackle and make the enemy defend that spot so heavily he'll be weak elsewhere. The only way you can run effectively over that tackle is to double-team him. We usually have our tackle hit him low, and then our end hits him high."

Around this basic maneuver Schwartzwalder has built a system of plays that unfold with the relentless logic of a theorem in geometry. "We keep slamming that fullback off-tackle, and the defense has to bunch up to stop us. So the quarterback will fake the ball to the fullback and run outside himself, or pitch out to the tailback who's trailing him. Now they've got to bring up their secondary. That leaves them weak for option passes thrown by the tailback."

"A Good Hoggin'." To spice this heavy diet of conservative football, Schwartzwalder often gambles for a touchdown. "When we come out in punt formation," says he, "we are prepared to do any of five or six things other than kick, if the quarterback sees the defense is overconcentrating on blocking the punt, or overconcentrating on falling back to get a good

runback. The perfect play, you know, is going where the defense isn't. Football is a long way from being all physical."

In fact, as Schwartzwalder discovered to his sorrow this season, the main weakness of burly Syracuse is mental. "I want a team to go into a game ready to hit and be alert mentally, rather than all fired up and ready to make a lot of mistakes," he says. "It's mistakes that lose ball games." If the players are really ready for battle, they leave some steak on their plates the morning of a game. Says Coach Ben Schwartzwalder: "My dog can get a good hoggin' on game-day leftovers."

Exit Casey

In the United States of America exist some 50 million citizens who can properly be described as baseball fans. Of these, perhaps 48 million have long had in common a hatred and resentment of the long triumphant New York Yankees. As of last week, the Yankee haters could move over: they were being joined by a considerable segment of that beleaguered U.S. minority, the Yankee bugs.

Cold and colorless as a block of ice, the Yankee organization for years had not only a way of achieving success but of accepting it as its due. In 1947 Manager Bucky Harris won the American League pennant and the World Series; the next year the Yankees were squeezed out in the season's last week—and Harris was swiftly fired. At that point, to the utter astonishment of all, the Yankees made a move that seemed as though General Motors had been delivered into the hands of a Keystone Cop. As their new manager, the Yankees chose baseball's buffoon: Charles Dillon ("Casey") Stengel.

A New Warmth. Casey Stengel became the most successful manager in baseball history. More than that, he gave the Yankees a warmth they had never had



YANKEES' STENGEL
The ice melted.



See Bronx from New York County News
YANKEE MANAGER HOUK & WIFE
 The Major clutched.

before. Until he signed with the Yankees, Stengel had been the funniest failure in the game. In 1910 Casey was playing the outfield in Maysville, Ky. and delighting inmates in an adjacent insane asylum by practicing his slides on the way to his position. At the time, Casey had hopes of becoming a lefthanded dentist, but soon realized he would need special equipment and, weighing the percentages, chose baseball for life. In time, Casey became a pretty fair outfielder in the National League (lifetime batting average: .284), hit a pair of key home runs for the Giants in the 1923 World Series. But he was at his best when he played the game for laughs: popping out of a manhole in a hush-league outfield to catch a flyball giving the bird to jeering Dodger fans by raising his cap in salute and releasing a sparrow. In nine National League seasons as manager of Brooklyn and Boston, Stengel never finished higher than fifth; Brooklyn even paid him not to manage by buying up his contract.

With the Yankees, Casey still played the clown. He outraged syntax and entranced sportswriters by spilling nonstop serpentine sentences that turned the duller subject into quothably confused copy.

"The fella I got on third is hitting pretty good, and I know he can make that throw, and if he don't make it that other fella I got coming up has shown me a lot, and if he can't I have my guy and I know what he can do."

An Old Fighter. Only Casey could follow Casey's reasoning as he wildly juggled his batting order, but his convoluted maneuvers usually worked. The funny-man had the best-stocked memory about players—friend and foe alike—in all baseball. "He's a genius," said Leo Durocher. "It's unfair to compare other managers with him." Casey was a fighter. Punching at the air, he would poise in defiance on the top step of the dugout and bellow

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angry encouragement at his team. Lifted by Casey, the Yankees won ten pennants in twelve years, took seven World Series. Not until Pittsburgh's Bill Mazeroski hit a home run in the last of the ninth of the seventh game did Casey's Yankees lose the 1960 World Series.

The World Series was hardly out of the headlines when Yankee President Dan Topping called in the press and announced that Casey was leaving, but left unclear the reasons why. Up stepped Casey to set the record straight; he was being fired, pure and simple. Casey's explanation: he would not go along with Topping's plans to meddle with players in the future. To get him out of the way, charged Casey, the Yankees were claiming that his age of 70 made him too old to manage. Snapped Casey: "That's the best excuse they've got."

Along Traditional Lines. But the Yankees needed no excuses in letting Casey go. After all, as they pointed out, he was going home with \$160,000 in severance pay. And in their eyes, the Yankees were acting no more harshly than Casey himself when he unceremoniously yanked a pitcher in order to win. Someone eventually would have had to succeed Casey, and the Yankees wanted to make sure it was rugged Ralph Houk, 41, a Yankee coach who learned to command men during the Battle of the Bulge and the crossing of the Rhine, emerged from World War II as a major with the Silver Star, Bronze Star and Purple Heart. As a Yankee player, Houk had been only a bench-warming catcher behind Yogi Berra, but he learned his baseball. From 1955 to 1957, Houk successfully managed the Yankees' farm team in Denver.

The Yankees knew that Houk was getting offers to manage other teams. To keep him, the Yankees decided they had to let Casey go, no matter how much it hurt the old man or outraged some of the team's fans. In the Yankee tradition, the decision was coldly made and coldly carried out.

Scoreboard

¶ Caught in a squeeze play between the potential power of a third league and the actual power of a Senate antitrust subcommittee, National League club owners, meeting in Chicago, expanded the circuit to ten teams by adding Houston and New York. The foot-dragging American League is also expected to vote new franchises (leading candidates: Dallas-Fort Worth and Minneapolis-St. Paul).

¶ Iowa kept its crown as the nation's No. 1 team by beating Purdue 21-14. An impregnable Minnesota defense rocked Michigan for five fumbles, paving the way for a 10-0 victory and the return of the Little Brown Jug to the Gophers for the first time since 1956. In a third Big Ten contest, Ohio State won easily over Wisconsin, 34-7. Top service teams routed the enemy. Army smothering Villanova 54-0, and Navy shutting out Penn 27-0. A third-period 30-yd. Harvard pass upset Dartmouth 9-6, preserving Crimson hopes for the Ivy League title.



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Spectacle of Spooks

Halloween is almost here, so lock the doors and stuff the keyholes! Don't let even a wisp of the wind come under the doorsill, for a witch can seep through a crack as easily as her cackle can. You'll find hair-raising proof that goblins and ghosts really exist in an eerie nine-page portfolio of pictures by Photographer George Silk. He used a hand-held version of the photo-finish camera and his own children as models to show *LIFE* readers what to expect just outside their door when darkness falls on Halloween.



Cartoonist's View

The current political campaign has been marked by its lack of humor. The fun seems to get lost in the speeches, crowd noises, the frenzy of plotting and plane-hopping. But Englishman Ronald Searle, here for his first U.S. presidential race, sees a great deal that he thinks funny. Since Searle is also a cartoonist whose books have won him a worldwide reputation for social satire, he has created some fun-poking campaign drawings you'll smile over in this week's new issue of *LIFE*. "Nixon's nose," cartoonist Searle observes, "is an absolute treasure. But Kennedy's features are too well balanced. All you have to work with is the hair."



U.N.'s Hammarskjöld

In his seven years as the United Nations' secretary-general, Dag Hammarskjöld has won a reputation as an unswerving neutral, skilled mediator and responsible leader of the world parliament. He has been called the personification of civilized man, yet he has also been called "a servant of the colonialists" in a series of bitter attacks by Khrushchev. What kind of man is Hammarskjöld? Robert Coughlan paints a sensitive word-picture of the secretary-general in this week's *LIFE*, reviews his accomplishments in office and predicts the outcome of efforts to oust him.



OUT TODAY in the new issue of

LIFE

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Gold Rush

"Gold fever!" cried the London *Daily Express*. For a change, the fever-pitched *Express* was not exaggerating. In a stampede of investors and speculators anxious to exchange U.S. dollars for bullion, gold prices took off last week on their most spectacular rise since London's gold exchange reopened in 1954. Starting at just over \$34.25 an ounce (about the same as the U.S. price of \$35 an ounce, with transportation and insurance added), gold prices broke free of their old ceiling at week's beginning, jumped to \$35.65 for

killing. Much of the buying was triggered by Swiss bankers, who have been recommending a switch from dollars and other paper currencies to gold. The Swiss angrily denied that they were responsible for the gold rush, said the buying was chiefly for their foreign clients. A large block of buying also came from the U.S. itself, where a number of investment advisory services have been recommending gold purchases.

The cause of the gold rush was the growing feeling in European financial circles that the U.S. dollar is weakening, is perhaps headed for eventual devaluation. The European bankers are concerned

for lacking the courage to stop the price rise, felt that Treasury could have saved the situation quickly by the dramatic gesture of sending U.S.-held gold to Europe to loosen the tight market. But Treasury officials felt that any indication that the dollar needed crutches was bound to hurt more than help in the long run.

Treasury's course was to announce firmly that there would be no change in the U.S. price for gold. The announcement had the desired effect: at week's end gold prices fell back—to \$37.22 in London—and steadied. But since gold prices still stood at a level at which Central banks could buy from the U.S. and sell elsewhere at a profit, most bankers expected that the storm had not yet blown over.



SCRAMBLE TO BUY GOLD IN THE JOHANNESBURG EXCHANGE
In the frenzy, the Treasury kept cool.

the biggest one-day advance in the exchange's history—then the next day rushed up a spectacular \$5 to almost \$41.

The same kind of frenzy was upsetting other gold markets. Hong Kong's gold and silver exchange closed down trading after gold soared as high as \$46.64 an ounce, and speculators bid as high as \$49.38 on the black market. Gold trading on the Paris Bourse more than doubled. The Johannesburg stock exchange had its greatest activity in gold shares since the pound was devalued in 1949, and the Johannesburg *Star* headlined: DOLLAR VALUE ON FREE MARKET: 76¢. Stocks in gold-mining companies soared.

Rumors & Recommendations. European Central banks, usually the biggest gold buyers, did little of the buying this time; the prices were too high. Beginning with private buyers and investors who wanted to convert their paper currencies to gold, the market soon surrendered to speculators who saw the chance of making a fast

about the unfavorable U.S. balance of trade and about the possibility of a U.S. recession, which they feel would sharply lower interest rates and cause a further rise in U.S. gold outflow (U.S. gold stocks dipped another \$33 million—to an \$875 million total dip since January—in the last reported week). The bankers were also reported anticipating and fearing a Kennedy victory, and concluding that his policies might lead to inflation and to devaluing the dollar (a suspicion that Kennedy's press office called "wholly and categorically untrue").

No Crutches. Europe's Central banks could have prevented the sharp gold rise by selling enough gold to fatten the thin market, since transactions in London amounted to only \$25 million daily. But that would have meant purchasing gold from the U.S. Treasury to cover the sales and thus worsening the U.S. gold outflow—a step the U.S. did not encourage. Some Swiss bankers criticized the U.S. Treasury

Consensus: Mild Recession

The U.S. is now in a mild recession that should end in the second half of 1961. This was the consensus of 200 business economists attending the convention of the National Association of Business Economists last week in Manhattan. If the economists needed any more figures to support their view, they got them next day from the President's Council of Economic Advisers. The council announced—as had been expected (*TIME*, Oct. 17)—that the gross national product fell \$2 billion in the third quarter to an annual rate of \$503 billion—the first drop (except for the steel strike) in two years.

For the most part, the business economists expressing an opinion—their job is forecasting the ups and downs of the economy for corporations and financial institutions—believe that the current downturn became pronounced in August. They also believe that the drop will be milder than in the last recession. Their idea of the course of the current recession is that the gross national product will drop only about 1%—a fall of about \$4 billion to a \$46.8 billion fall in 1957-58. What they foresee is a bigger drop in industrial production while gross national product remains strong, buoyed up by the increasing role of services in the economy (see *The Service Economy*).

The kind of platinum-plated recession many economists see was well described by Dexter Keizer of McGraw-Hill. He expects that 1961 will actually show a healthy increase in overall economic activity as measured by the gross national product; he estimates that G.N.P. will drop to \$505 billion in 1961's first quarter, then turn around to \$507 billion in the second quarter, rise to \$522 billion in the third. He looks for a drop in the Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production from its present 107 to about 100 in 1961's second quarter—with improvement after that. "Talk about G.N.P., and we are not headed for a recession," he says. "Talk about production, and we are."

High-Level Stagnation. In the face of this, even the overwhelming majority of pessimists were cautiously aware that a

slide so mild could be quickly arrested. W. T. Diebold of the Bell Telephone Co. of Ohio liked the term "high-level stagnation" to describe what is happening to the economy. Myron Silbert of Federated Department Stores called the drop "a mild thing" that will not approach previous downturns. But whatever they called it, almost all of the other business economists contended that the current slide will get worse before it gets better.

William Butler economist for the Chase Manhattan Bank, who has been predicting a 1961 recession for several weeks, revised his prediction only to add that "it now looks as though the recession is beginning in 1960. It came earlier than I expected." Butler expects no upturn to take place until mid-1961. Robert Adams of Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) assumes "a continued recession in 1961," with the low point to occur next year.

Lower-Level Production. What is breaking business? Chief drag is that businessmen, who had been adding to inventories at a rate of \$1.1 billion a year, have stopped adding at all. They are not expected to increase buying in the near future, and, until they do, business will continue to drag along.

Other individual forecasts by the business economists:

¶ Adolph G. Abramson, SKF Industries: Factory shipments will decline to the level of new orders, which are now dropping in the durable-goods field.

¶ Morris Cohen, National Industrial Conference Board: Capital-goods spending will drop "10% at the most" next year, mostly in manufacturing industries. This would be a steeper drop than the 1953-54 recession, but not so steep as in 1957-58.

¶ Oil Expert Adams: Petroleum-products demand will grow only 2% next year, the same as in 1960 and well below the growth of the industry in recent times.



HOME BUILDERS' ROGG
In predicting, they all got burned.

¶ Robert Woodward, Bethlehem Steel: Steel output in 1961 will be about 95 million tons to 100 million tons vs. 105 million tons this year.

¶ Nathaniel Rogg, National Association of Home Builders: Housebuilding will show "a very moderate" increase in 1961, not starting until the middle or end of the year. Continuing the downward trend of the last 16 months, housebuilding activity in September fell 17% below August.

Most of the economists agreed that the principal force in pulling the economy out of the recession will be an increase in Government spending—no matter who is elected President. They think the recession can be arrested without serious damage to the economy, since some segments have already suffered a downturn, e.g., steel and inventories. In earlier recessions, most of the economic indicators turned down all at once. In addition to Government spending, they see stability in the construction industry, an eventual turnaround in inventories and—perhaps most of all—a rise in consumer spending as the chief forces ready to push the economy upward.

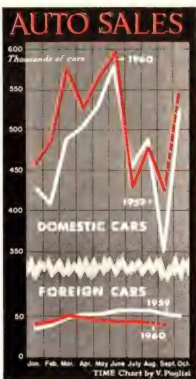
While the predictions were being made, Home Builders' Rogg gave all the economists a pointed reminder that last year they had been overly optimistic in their predictions of boom. Said he: "We had a similar session last year, and we all got burned. Let's hope we are as wrong this year as last year."

The Cautious Customer

"The sole end and purpose of all production," said Economist Adam Smith, is the consumer. Last week U.S. business, watching the consumer like a hopeful but apprehensive parent, might have varied Adam Smith's dictum to read that the U.S. consumer is the master key to what will happen to production—and how much will be sold—in the months ahead. What business saw was a consumer growing steadily more cautious about his purchases, but still buying at a rate that is helping to steady the economy.

Enthusiastic Reception. Detroit reported that its 1961 model-automobile year got off to an impressive start, with daily new-car sales up 7.5% over last year (to 10,539 cars) in the first ten days of October, for the best ten-day rate since June. American Motors reported "the best reaction in our history" to its 1961 cars; Plymouth and Valiant daily sales were reported 20% ahead of last year in the first ten days, the best since their record 1953; Dodge delivered nearly twice as many Darts as it did last year; Ford sold 12,361 Falcons in the ten days, expects to have a backlog of 12,000 to 15,000 orders for its new Thunderbird by the time it is introduced Nov. 10. Good sales were reported by Chevrolet, Studebaker and Pontiac. Industry spokesmen expect that 6,600,000 to 7,000,000 1961 models will be sold (including foreign cars), which would make a good if not spectacular year.

Dealers did not share the good sales equally. Atlanta's Beaudry Ford reported sales ahead of last year by one-third. Man-



hattan's Midtown Chevrolet had "the greatest sales since we have been in business," sold 600 cars in October and expects to sell more than 500 in November. But Los Angeles dealers were disappointed by slower than usual sales, and Tulsa reported new-car sales off 25% from three months ago.

Still Reluctant. The situation in retail sales was even more spotty. A survey of retail trade by Standard & Poor's showed retail sales up 2% over last year for the first nine months, with a 3.8% gain in nondurable goods and a 1.5% loss in durables. Chain-store sales were up 5.4% in September for the second-best gain of the year, and Kresge's reported a 4.5% September sales jump over August for the best September in the company's history. Said Kresge President Harry B. Cunningham: "If we're in a slump, we certainly are working our way out. The pessimistic talk we hear is not right."

In Detroit, retail sales in October are running 4% ahead of last year. Sales of New England retail stores were up 2% from last year in the four weeks ended Oct. 8. Retail sales in Southern California have stopped a steady climb that began early in 1958, and are running about the same as last year, which represents an actual slippage in the face of California's steadily growing population. In the Federal Reserve district covering Texas and parts of Arizona, Oklahoma, Louisiana and New Mexico, department-store sales for the four weeks ending Oct. 15 are down 7% from a year ago.

Despite the good news from many sections, merchants looked at the drops in some areas and kept their fingers crossed.

THE SERVICE ECONOMY

Growth in a New Direction

WHILE economists disagree on the immediate future course of U.S. business (see State of Business), they all agree on one basic premise: the U.S. economy has undergone such a profound change in recent years that the old tools to measure its size and health are no longer adequate. The biggest sector of the economy is no longer the production of such tangibles as appliances, cars, houses; it is the performance of services, ranging from medical checkups to European trips and cha-chá lessons. In this new economy, there are 33 million employed in performing services compared to only 27 million working at producing things. In the last quarter, consumer spending for goods dropped \$2.5 billion, but spending for services continued to rise by another \$2 billion.

The well-heeled consumer no longer needs to spend most of his income on food, clothing and other necessities; after he has taken care of these, he still has a large "discretionary" income that he can spend for more goods or for more services—and he has been spending more heavily for services. The problem for economists is to try to chart the effect of this.

To many, the current business slowdown is really an adjustment to the consumer's growing predilection for the myriad new services his money can buy. "This causes dislocations within the economy," explains Sears, Roebuck Chairman Charles H. Kellstadt, "but given the level of gross national product and disposable income, it is no cause for alarm. It simply reflects the fact that our rising standard of living has made us a predominantly consumer-oriented economy. It is not a case of not growing, but of growing in a new direction." In the past five years the real output of services has risen almost 37% v. an overall real growth in the G.N.P. of 18%.

Much of the boom in services is a natural outgrowth of the success of the durable goods producer's assembly lines. Nearly \$18 billion was spent on autos and auto parts last year, and U.S. motorists paid another \$6 billion for servicing them. Nevertheless the prospect of consumers' spending more and more of their money for green fees and plane rides instead of new cars and bigger TV sets is not a happy one for the makers of durable goods. The auto industry has already begun to fight back for a bigger share of the consumer's dollar spent in garages. e.g., the 1961 Fords have 30,000-mile no-lubrication chassis.

A popular new service does not always undercut production profits; it often creates a market for a new prod-

uct. The hand laundry is giving way to the self-service laundromats. In four years the number of laundromats has jumped from 4,000 to 25,000. Of 2,000,000 washing machines produced by the industry last year, some 10% were made for self-service stores. The next step may well be dry-cleanomats—and a new market for hard goods. Norge has brought out a coin-operated dry cleaner that will clean eight pounds of clothes for \$1.50.

Today 40¢ of every consumer dollar is spent on services—and statisticians include doctors and dentists as well as doormen in this category. Yet service figures are not given their full weight in the standard measurements of the growth or future of business. One reason is that it is hard to assess an increase in productivity in services. Another is that the real value of a good doctor or a good teacher is hard to translate into dollars and cents. Better measurements are needed, so that the emphasis on production statistics will not bulk so large as to overshadow the fastest-growing sector of the nation's business.

Some economists contend that the service boom is detrimental to U.S. growth, that spending money on haircuts for poodles and diaper service does not add to the base of real wealth. Economist Grover W. Ensley, executive vice president of the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks, takes the opposite view: "Today a large segment of service expenditures goes for medical care and education, which represent investments that are very productive in improving the future output of the nation. Even money spent on beautification of the fairer sex may turn out very productive in the long run."

Even if it could be proved that service spending has caused a slowdown in durable goods sales, it has also had a healthy, stabilizing effect. While cutbacks in production employment come fast in a recession, the service trades usually remain steady. In the 1954 recession, factory employment fell 10% but personal income only 1%. In the 1957-58 dip, employment dropped 9.5%, but personal income and consumer spending each dropped less than 3%, largely buoyed by service spending, which rose more than 3%. With the drop in total personal income thus cushioned, demand picks up all the more quickly. Thus, as service employees and service spending increase, the U.S. economy is likely to become more and more stable, less susceptible to fluctuations in the production sector that have touched off overall economic setbacks in the past.

LABOR

Hari Carey?

For the first time in the postwar era, a major nationwide strike against a giant corporation producing consumer goods was being broken—and by the workers themselves. After two weeks of strike against General Electric, more and more members of the International Union of Electrical Workers were defying Union President James Carey and reporting to work. The action was the result of the steadily hardening attitude of management toward union demands, which first turned up in the auto strike two years ago and in the steel strike last year.

The first big break in the union ranks came in Schenectady, N.Y., at G.E.'s biggest plant, where the 8,700 members of I.U.E. Local 301 had never shown much enthusiasm for a strike. Local 301 stayed out only eleven days, then went back to work. Explained Leo Jandreau, the local's business agent: "Carey is on a suicidal expedition that will weaken the I.U.E. There are no fighting issues in the G.E. strike."

Carey scathingly denounced Jandreau as a "Judas," got the union's conference board to agree to give him another week to reach a settlement with G.E. One week more was all the longer that some local chiefs thought they could keep their members out. Workers at the Bridgeport, Conn. plant had already returned; Pittsfield, Mass. was tottering, and Burlington, Vt. started action to declare itself independent of the I.U.E.

Carey softened his demands by dropping the key issue of a cost-of-living escalator, but G.E. turned him down. Since 62 other unions within G.E. have accepted its contract proposals, G.E. refuses to modify them under pressure of the big union that went out on strike. Said G.E. Chief Negotiator Philip D. Moore: "Carey is looking for one concession which he can represent as a great victory that he wrung out of the company. He is a master at taking the skin from a goat and stretching it over a boxcar. Well, he's not going to get a concession from G.E."

More pressure on Carey to surrender came from another quarter. Rather than call a strike, the I.U.E. representatives negotiating a new contract with Westinghouse Electric accepted the company's offer with only a few modifications that did not raise the cost of the total package.

The differences between the Westinghouse contract and G.E.'s offer were slight. At week's end, Carey could hold out no longer. He agreed to end the strike, accept G.E.'s contract proposals which called for an immediate 3% wage increase plus other benefits which would bring an additional 4% in April, 1962.

Getting Together

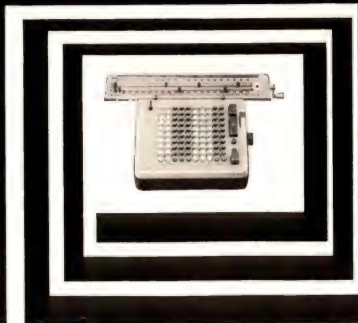
When the U.S. economy drifts into uncertain waters, labor and management often discover that they share the same boat, find they have much in common. Increasing efficiency to enhance an industry's long-run competitive prospects emerges as a vital mutual interest. Last week repre-

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Pulitzer Prize winning author Merlo Pusey is associate editor of *The Washington Post* and editorial specialist in the political science field. Over the years, his editorials have been cited on the Senate floor and in the Congressional Record for playing a vital role in the passage of controversial legislation.

Filibuster and stalemates on bills concerning labor-management relations, civil rights and home rule have yielded to the power of his pen, demonstrating the effectiveness of *Washington Post* editorials on those men who shape the nation's policies.

For his biography of the late Charles Evans Hughes, he received the Pulitzer Prize, the Bancroft Award and the Tamiment Institute Book Award. Other awards include the Distinguished Alumni Award from the University of Utah and Honorary D.Litt. Degree from Brigham Young University. His editorials explaining the constitutional role of the Supreme Court and analyzing the need for additional federal judges won the American Bar Association 1960 Gavel Award for *The Washington Post*.

Pusey is another reason why *The Washington Post* is read by 50% more families than read any other Washington newspaper and why its editorials are quoted more in the Congressional Record than those of any other news-paper in the world.

The Washington Post

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400,000 Daily Circulation

National Representatives:
Sawyer, Ferguson, Walker, Co.

representatives of labor and management in three major U.S. industries agreed on some significant innovations.

IN THE SHIPPING INDUSTRY, the Pacific Maritime Association of employers agreed to pay \$25 million into union coffers over the next five years to set up a fund to help compensate some 17,500 longshoremen for any work lost through automation. If machines displace enough of them to cut the work week below 35 hours, the fund will make up the difference. The fund will also finance early retirement for longshoremen as the needed work force shrinks. In return, Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union gave the employers a free hand to eliminate featherbedding and increase efficiency on the docks. The employers will now be able to determine for themselves how many longshore gangs are needed, the weight of singleloads of cargo, and the number of times cargo will be handled in loading and unloading. Explained Pacific Maritime President J. Paul St. Sure: "We are gambling \$5,000,000 a year against the right this contract gives us to remove work restrictions in the belief we can save that much or more in our payrolls, gain faster turnaround of ships and give better service to shippers."

IN THE RAILROAD INDUSTRY, where labor and management negotiations have been at loggerheads for almost two years over work-rules disputes, both sides agreed last week to the appointment of a 15-man presidential commission to study the controversy. President Eisenhower will give equal representation on the commission to management, labor and the public, and the group will evaluate contract changes sought by both sides, make recommendations as a basis for a new try at the bargaining table.

IN THE GARMENT INDUSTRY, women's wear manufacturers and David Dubinsky's International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union agreed on the establishment of a \$10 million fund to provide severance pay to garment workers whose employers go out of business. The plan, which will be

paid for by the employers, will ensure 450,000 garment workers weekly payments of from \$12.50 to \$25 for as long as 48 weeks if they are unemployed as a result of business failures. Industry leaders hailed the step as a stabilizing influence: in the past, when an employer was forced to close one shop, the union would strike any other shop he owned, often force the employer out of business.

PROMOTION

Akwaaba, Satchmo

In the cities and villages of Ghana and Nigeria, his name leaped forth from billboard, newspaper and radio. Whenever he arrived in a city—in Accra, Kano, Ibadan, Kumasi, Lagos and Enugu—huge crowds turned out to cheer him, including the "all-powerful" King of the Ashantis, King Nana Sir Osei Agyeman Prempeh II. The object of all this adulation was U.S. Trumpet Ace Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong, on a gravely-voiced West African tour last week designed to persuade Africans to drink more Pepsi-Cola. Admission fee to the outdoor concerts by Satchmo and his six All-Stars: five Pepsi-Cola bottle tops and 1 shilling.

To the audiences' delight, he occasionally switched from Dixieland to the "high life," calypso-like melodies much favored in Africa, which Armstrong calls "the home country." Said he: "These cats are solid." Accra Municipal Council Chairman E. C. Quaye greeted Armstrong by pouring a pint of Scotch whisky on the ground as a libation to the gods, and chanted: "Akwaaba [welcome]!" Satchmo's answer: "Yeah!" Then, in turn, he poured a fifth of Scotch on the ground, lamented: "I don't know what they say, but I'm sure it's going down the wrong way."

Pepsi shelled out some \$300,000 to send Satchmo and the All-Stars on the tour to promote five new West African bottling plants worth \$6,000,000. Help Pepsi in its war with Coca-Cola. The plants are owned and operated by Africans under license

TIME CLOCK

COMMERCIAL SATELLITE will be launched by the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. within a year. A. T. & T. will put a 175-lb. experimental communications satellite in a north-south orbit over the Atlantic to transmit telephone calls and TV broadcasts between North America and Europe.

FLORIDA ORANGES, which have a lighter, less attractive color than their California competitors, will be dyed a deeper shade, thanks to Food and Drug Administration. It has approved a new additive to make Florida oranges look more appetizing.

FORD EARNINGS are showing the impact of the smaller profit on compact cars. Although the number of cars sold this year was up 4.9%, earn-

ings in the first nine months were \$3.76 a share v. \$6.19 last year. The third-quarter profit rate was better, indicating that as the sales of compacts soar, the profit improves.

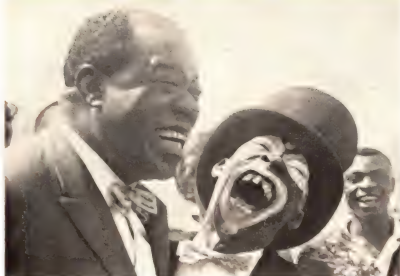
AIR SAFETY will be improved by new government program. The Federal Aviation Agency will spend \$163 million in next eight months to equip air-traffic-control centers with latest radar equipment, install better approach lights at dozens of airports.

FRENCH CAR EXPORTS are facing new cuts because of U.S. compact competition. Renault fired 3,000 of its employees as unsold cars crowd French warehouses. Automaker Panhard cut its work week; Simca and Citroen plan to use some of the same production facilities to cut costs.



the average cost of moving a ton of freight one mile is six cents by truck...twenty-four cents by airplane...and less than a cent and a half by efficient, low-cost railroads.

In everyone's interest, public policy should give the railroads the opportunity to compete with other forms of transportation on a fair and equal basis.
ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS, WASHINGTON, D. C.



LOUIS ARMSTRONG & CLOWN IN GHANA
Cats in the home country.

from Pepsi-Cola, will have a capacity of 8,000,000 cases of Pepsi a year. In changing West Africa, where the people love sweet, fizzy drinks and where foreign businessmen are finding that they must hard-sell for the first time, Satchmo's long-holding C note was an advertising message understood by even the many illiterate citizens. Pepsi-Cola's C notes were also holding well. Sales in Ghana have gone up by 55% since Satchmo arrived.

INDUSTRY

New Turbine Power

On a test run, San Francisco's new Fire Engine 14 surged effortlessly up the steep streets of Nob Hill. On the flat, it accelerated from a cold start to 50 m.p.h. in 45 sec. (v. 60 sec. for older models). The new American-La France Turbo Chief pumper, which was undergoing performance tests in San Francisco last week, got its impressive pep from a gas turbine engine, the first ever used in a fire truck, and the latest of the expanding uses of gas turbines. Although gas turbines first came of age in turbo-prop planes, they promise to have a much bigger future in powering everything from road-building machinery to motor boats and refrigeration systems.

The chief advantages of the gas turbine are its simplicity (it has about 80% fewer working parts than a gas or diesel engine) and its compactness (it is only one-third as large as a comparable reciprocating engine and weighs only one-half to one-tenth as much). The gas turbine is extremely rugged, requires few repairs and runs on almost any liquid or gas fuel.

For the Dentist's Drill? The Turbo Chief's engine was produced by Boeing Airplane Co., which has been making small gas turbines for the past 13 years, will turn out about 180 engines this year. One important use: in Navy minesweeper

launches, where the engines have the added value of not setting off magnetic mines (since the engines are made mostly of aluminum and nonmagnetic alloys). Boeing's chief output is in gas turbine air compressors, which are used to start the engines of jet aircraft.

On numbers alone, Phoenix's AiResearch Manufacturing is way out front in the industrial turbine field. It has built close to 10,000 small gas turbines to account for 80% of the total U.S. output. Like Boeing, AiResearch's major product is gas turbine air compressors to start large jet engines, but it has found other uses for them, e.g., cleaning pipelines by blowing air and sand through them, boosting pressure on gas wells. AiResearch's smallest gas turbine, which weighs only 43 lbs. yet produces 35 h.p., is used by the armed forces as a portable generator to power signal equipment. Looking ahead, engineers foresee gas turbines running dentists' drills and supplying the power for giant refrigeration systems.

Another major gas turbine maker is San Diego's Solar Aircraft Co., which was bought this year by International Harvester Co. Solar turns out four series of gas turbines, including the 1,100-h.p. Saturn, which is the power plant aboard the giant "Overland Train," now being developed by R. G. Le Tourneau Inc. for the U.S. Army.

Price & Fuel. U.S. automakers have been experimenting with gas turbines since the end of World War II in hopes of putting them in cars. General Motors and Ford now think that the turbine will not replace the reciprocating engine in autos, but believe that they are practical for large trucks and tractors. For heavy-duty use, General Motors is developing a 225-h.p. gas turbine engine, and Ford is testing a 300-h.p. engine that weighs only 650 lbs. Only Chrysler still feels the turbine is practical for autos. By 1966 it ex-

pects to sell cars with a 140-h.p. gas turbine engine.

Gas turbines have two chief drawbacks: price and fuel consumption. A \$10,500 Boeing engine costs roughly \$4,000 more than a diesel engine of comparable power. As Boeing moves into mass production, it expects to cut \$3,000 from the price within the next three years, ultimately hopes to undersell diesels. Gas turbines still use 40% to 60% more fuel than diesels, but Boeing engineers hope to improve their economy next year by 10%. Eventually turbine makers hope to make them as economical as diesels.

ADVERTISING

The Real Brand X

Millions of dollars of free—though by no means favorable—publicity have made a household word out of a unique U.S. advertising invention called Brand X. Brand X in TV commercials is the competing product that leaves tattletale grey, fails to keep a frothy head, or comes apart at the seams when tugged by two circus strong men. The ad industry has already run into trouble with the Federal Trade Commission for doctoring Brand X to ensure foolproof inferiority. Last week the inevitable happened: unable to resist the lure of all those free plugs, several firms are on the market with their own, on-the-level, Brand X products.

Onto the market came Brand X Window Cleaner, an efficient, pastelike cleaner invented by former Eisenhower Bodyguard Harry Chafin Jr., who set up his own Brand "X" Corp. to manufacture the paste and a Brand "X" polishing cloth. Going to market this week are Brand "X" cigarettes, put out by three young Manhattan admen who founded Brand "X" Enterprises, Inc. Brand "X" cigarettes are designed "for the man who is satisfied with nothing less than second best." Says Martin Solow, president of Brand "X" Enterprises: "There are millions of people who don't want to be first, who believe first place is too crowded. Our cigarette is for the man who, as a boy, dreamed of becoming Vice President." The U.S. Patent Office has already received Brand X registration applications for both products—as well as an application for Brand X popcorn from Brand-X Products Co. of Philadelphia. A Hartford liquor store sells its own Brand X whisky, claim it outsells other brands 4 to 1.

Brand X is such a handy device for avoiding mention of competitors that Madison Avenue is not likely to give it up easily. But some products—including Cheer detergent—have already stopped using Brand X in favor of such descriptions as "another leading wash-day detergent," and others, such as Piel's beer, are cutting down their use of Brand X. But Brand X has a huge reservoir of good will in TV viewers who resent loud and aggressive commercials, favor the underdog. Manhattan's Brand "X" Enterprises, Inc. is so confident of this market that it is planning to put out a new detergent. Its name: won't.

Accept this silver-dollar paperweight FREE...



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no advertising.



...for seeing how this calculator prevents figurework errors
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Please instruct the nearby Marchant office to deliver my free Silver-Dollar Paperweight when it is convenient for me to try a Marchant Deci-Magic on my own figurework.

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Request honored only when made with this coupon, with name and title filled in and business letterhead attached. Limited stock—offer subject to supply on hand.

6-10

How a major "aircraft" manufacturer met the challenge of the space age through diversification (and increased sales by 64.5% in just seven years)

While the total sales of North American Aviation grew from \$635,000,000 in 1953 to more than a billion dollars in 1959, a significant change occurred. At the beginning of this period, the aircraft share of dollar volume accounted for 85%; at the end of the period aircraft sales were only 54% of the total, yet they had increased by \$24,000,000. During this same seven-year period non-aircraft product sales rose from 15% to more than 46% of the total.

North American's diversification into non-aircraft products is best reflected by its changing sales picture.

Fiscal Year	1953	1955	1957	1959
Total Sales*	\$635	\$817	\$1,244	\$1,045
Aircraft Sales*	\$542	\$654	\$ 834	\$ 566
(% of Total)	85%	80%	67%	54%
Non-aircraft*	\$ 93	\$163	\$ 410	\$ 479
(% of Total)	15%	20%	33%	46%

*in millions

Always known for superior management in the aircraft industry, North American Aviation has now mastered new technologies in many fields: nuclear reactors, liquid and solid rocket engines, manned and unmanned flight in aerospace, metallurgy, computers and data processing, and electronics.

This sound diversification and growth picture is the result of extensive research and development in the many fields of the future where North American Aviation continues to push forward the frontiers of technology.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION

Divisions: Atomics International, Autometrics, Columbus, Los Angeles, Missile, Rocketdyne

At work in the fields of the future

MILESTONES

Married. Imogene Fernandez y Coca, forty-fiveish, elf-eyed TV, stage and nightclub comedienne; and Actor King Donovan, 41; after a summer stock stage-marriage tour in *The Fourposter*; both for the second time; in Manhattan.

Died. Bridget Hayward, 21, one of three children born to Theatrical Producer Leland Hayward and the late Actress Margaret Sullivan, who died after an overdose of sleeping pills last January; apparently of an overdose of barbiturates; in her Manhattan apartment. Miss Sullivan, whose own death was first labeled suicide, then called accidental, once said: "I don't think it's important that I work. I'd rather be with my children, though I've never been a palsy-walsy mother."

Died. Junius Spencer Morgan, 68, banker, philanthropist and expert yachtsman in the tradition of his father, J. P. Morgan, and grandfather, J. Pierpont Morgan; after an emergency operation for an intestinal hemorrhage; in an Ontario hospital after a hunting trip. Pipe-smoking and soft-spoken, he never made big headlines like J. Pierpont or J. P. II, and once gratefully accepted a 1¢ refund on his federal income tax.

Died. John Angel, 78, noted church sculptor of statuary in Manhattan's Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the huge bronze doors of Manhattan's St. Patrick's Cathedral, and a marble *Last Supper* in Pittsburgh's East Liberty Presbyterian Church; of congestive heart failure; in his rural Sandy Hook, Conn. home. A spry, chain-smoking Episcopalian, Angel munched on gingerbread cookies as he fashioned his models in clay, contentedly resigned himself to the traditional anonymity of his art, thought modern art "merely a passing phase."

Died. Maud ("Great-Granny") Falkner (her spelling), 88, late-in-life painter, and mother of Novelists William (*The Sound and the Fury*, *Sanctuary*) and John (*Men Working*, *Chooky*) Faulkner (their spelling); of a stroke; in her home at Oxford, Miss. Maud Falkner began her painting in a WPA art class in 1941, produced some 600 oils, most of them copies of old masters but also many Negro portraits and rural landscapes.

Death Revealed. Ida Rubinstein, 75, once-famed ballet dancer; on Sept. 20, of a heart attack; in Venice on the French Riviera. Born in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), she started scantily in a quickly banned version of *Salomé*, rapidly went on to score in a variety of roles that highlighted her somnolent beauty and miming talents, rather than dancing skill, led her own companies in performing works commissioned from Ravel (*Boléro*), Debussy, Stravinsky. She died in seclusion in the hillside village that had been her home for two decades.



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Ring Up
PAPERWORK SAVINGS!

BRUNING

ALL YOUR BRUNING MAN



Five NATO Nations to Produce U. S. Army Hawk Missile in Europe with Raytheon Assistance

The U. S. Army Hawk air-defense missile system will soon be produced in Belgium, France, Italy, the Netherlands and West Germany under a new coordinated weapon production program.

Raytheon, developer and prime contractor in the U. S. for the Hawk, is supplying technical assistance to the NATO contractors who will manufacture the missile.

The Hawk can be used with fast-moving ground troops

or in the defense of fixed installations. It seeks out and destroys supersonic targets at altitudes ranging from tree-top to ten miles. Recently the Hawk scored the first interception of a ballistic missile when it demolished an Honest John. Both missiles were traveling at supersonic speeds. The Hawk's success is another example of how Raytheon is contributing, through reliable electronics, to the security of the free world.

RAYTHEON COMPANY

WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS



Sacred & Profane

Spenser: Ten Books (312 pp.)—*Sylvia Ashton-Warner*. Simon & Schuster. \$3.95.

One excellent novel is just that: one of them by the same author form strong evidence that the world has another fine writer. Sylvia Ashton-Warner's first novel, *Spenser*, astonished critics last year with its power, insight, and, to use a phrase of her own, pride of word. The only reservation tenable was that since the author, a middle-aged New Zealand schoolteacher, had written of a middle-aged woman who taught school, it was possible that the force of her novel sprang from circumstance, not art. *Tenace to Tully* removes this possibility.

Flow of Words. The author's heroine is shatteringly beautiful, amoral, narcissistically charming, and men queue up to destroy themselves for her. Such a description might come from any dust jacket, but Novelist Ashton-Warner's portrait is all but unique. Germaine de Beauvais, a young Parisian concert pianist who exiles herself to New Zealand after the death of her husband, is a woman as convincingly evoked as Emma Bovary or Molly Bloom. The narrative is a first-person reverie: a stream of consciousness, then a torrent, then a willful feminine shutting down of thought. Germaine is mirrored in the flow of words as well as in their content. Prose of a different texture would be necessary if she were older, or merely pretty, or a shade less turbulent.

Although she is an accomplished pianist, Germaine has no profound love for music—or for anything else—and it is merely a whim that brings her to a clattering New Zealand town to study with a master who is himself an exile there. She meets him: "Give me some more of that wine Léon. I investigate the state of my hair. 'I feel better now.' I watch the green-clad form humbling and anxiously pouring my wine not spilling any this time taking the greatest care. Can't you men be pathetic? Especially when you're in the heart's confessional. But I never was one for pithos. Didn't I say some where that souls were complicating? I meant to . . . I feel considerably better and lift one leg over the other, discreetly."

Bad Choosers. In this, some *germaine* is, of course, elegantly allowing herself to be seduced, but she has longer-range interests of a similar nature, and they involve another man. The situation invites triteness—he is the minister of the local church—a bulking, clumsy, God-owning man. But Pastor Guymer is no Reverend Davidson, and in the end it is *she* who decide that closes the book. The unending wrath of the Old Testament fills Guymer, and he calls down the vengeance of the God he loves upon the parishioners he despises. Germaine listens with a musician's delighted ear as he raves about rippling and fornication. She squirms with amuse-



NOVELIST ASHTON-WARNER
Desolation in the flow.

ment at the thought that she is the Baal worshiper whom the pastor is denouncing. Men are no more than characters in a bedroom farce to Germaine, but Guymer is a character with a rumbling voice, a powerful body, and a mind to be mocked.

When he makes a pastoral call, she wears the deadliness of Chinese gowns. But he remains calm and celibate, and she settles down contentedly to a long campaign. Still with her cat's eye on Guymer she tows with a number of roving husbands ("Most good men are bad choosers and all the best are married"), and placidly accepts a proposal of marriage from



AUTHOR DURRELL (1946)
Absolution in the sun.

a man whose wife lies dying in a hospital. Of the wife, Germaine thinks no more than: "Another conforming New Zealander she'll be, breeding and spreading and fading without the slightest knowledge of style." (Such pronouncements have not endeared Author Ashton-Warner to her country's critics, who toast her books with chauvinistic petulance.)

But Germaine is merely amoral, not evil. When the wreckage from her selfish sinning begins to tumble, she goes to Guymer. He gives her no help, indeed obsessed with his love for an angry God and his own vision of radioactive death for an unheeding world, Guymer does not even hear her.

Offense Against Style. God, man, morality and beauty spin a treacherous web, but the author negotiates it without becoming entangled in didacticism. Salvation is in the air—but it is not discussed. It lies no more in Guymer's Jehovah than in the Baal of a pathetic and charming Germaine. And the Christians of Guymer's congregation are inconsequential creatures whose most exalted emotion is flaccid good will. If Novelist Ashton-Warner points a way, it is only by implication, in a wandering thought of Germaine's: "My whole life I've burnt incense to idols when I could have burnt incense to love."

The novel's only important flaw is this one: feels that although the two main characters strike a neat balance in sterility, their coming together was not inevitable, and did not really matter that much. Germaine would have sinned her way to the story's climax—reached not because of guilt but because the clutter of her life was an offense against Style—and Guymer would have raged his way to oblivion, even if they had never met. Because of this, the author's second novel may be a lesser book than *Spenser*, but it is hard to think of another recent novel with which it could be compared.

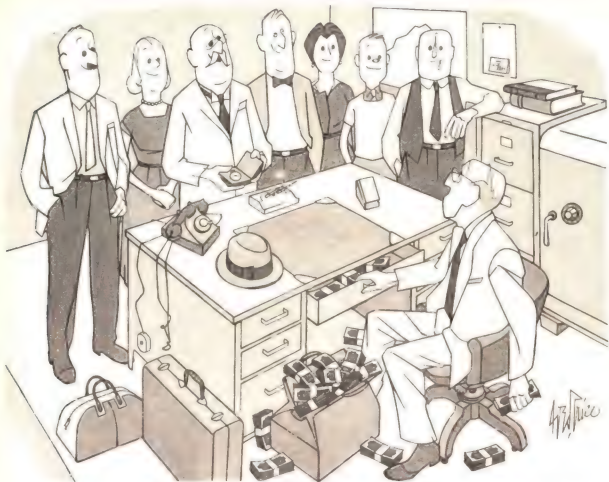
Adrift on a Wine-Dark Sea

Prospero's Cell (142 pp.) and *Reflections on a Marine Venus* (198 pp.)—*Lawrence Durrell*.—Dutton. \$5.

Lawrence Durrell is an islander. A friend of his coined the word for those who and islands irresistible, especially Aegean islands. In this publishing duet the author of *The Alexandria Quartet* writes of two isles in the wine-dark sea: Corfu (*Prospero's Cell*) and Rhodes (*Reflections on a Marine Venus*). First published in England in 1943 and 1952, the two short books confirm Durrell's superlative gifts as a travel writer. As with *Homoioi*, part of his strength lies in using scenery to intensify personal states of feeling. His credo is on the first page:

"Other countries may offer you discoveries in manners or lore or landscape; Greece offers you something harder—the discovery of yourself."

The Living Eye. For Durrell, this discovery is a kind of Dionysian revel of language, a sunburst of images. Red wine is "volcano blood." The evening air is "cool as the breath from the heart of a



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melon." A sunset in Rhodes becomes a conflagration. This is the kind of thing Durrell does so well that he tends to overdo it. But, periodically, he lifts imagery to insight. Many have written of the preternatural brilliance and clarity of the Greek light, but Durrell sensitively isolates its effect when he calls Greece not a country but a living eye: "The traveler in this land could not record. It was rather as if he himself were recorded . . . in the ringing blue sky, the temples, the supple brushes of cypress, the sun beating in a withering hypnotic dazzle on the statues with curly stone hair and blunt sagacious noses."

Elsewhere, Durrell notes that the "Greeks adore partings." So does Durrell. He writes in what might be called the present past tense. He seems to be savoring his island idyl as if the relativities of war, chance and change had already foreclosed it, as indeed they subsequently did. In Durrell's case, the nostalgic mood is an authentic foretaste of his fictional calling, that subtle parting, or detachment, of a novelist from his experience, without which life would never become literature. But while he is still the close observer, Durrell sets down much of the immemorial daily life of the islanders, from grape-treading to olive-pressing, from the festivals of miracle-accredited saints to the circular communal ritual of the Greek dances, which by some law of emotional gravity galvanize spectators into performers.

Feathers or Lead? Himself steeped in Greek myth and history, Durrell is quick to relish the durable, often superstitious, links with the pagan past. In Rhodes, the peasants believe that a child conceived on March 25 must be born on Christmas Eve and will inevitably turn out to be a *Kaous*. A *Kaous* is an impish little devil, complete with horns, hoofs and pointed ears, descended from Pan. He circulates after dark, croaking, "Feathers or lead?" Either answer may be wrong, after which the *Kaous* mounts his victim like a horse for a breakneck ride across country, lashing him all the while with a stick.

If the Greek temper is erratic, the Greek tempo seduces Durrell with its essential timelessness. Sky, sea and air are the only absolutes, and full absorption; Durrell is convinced that the Greeks live "beyond good and evil." The only place that matters to them is the spot they occupy. Asked the distance to a neighboring town, a Corfiote villager would reply with the number of cigarettes smoked in transit. With the reminder that "Poverty is the Tenth Muse" of Greece, Durrell makes the inevitable attempt to define the national character: "It is based on the idea of the impoverished and downtrodden little man getting the better of the world around him by sheer cunning. Add to this the salt of a self-deprecating humour and you have the immortal Greek. A coward and a hero at the same time; a man torn between his natural and heroic genius and his hopeless power of ratiocination."



James F. Cooney—Book Staff
NOVELIST BOULLE
The dread badge of courage.

Mixed Fiction

A NOBLE PROFESSION, by Pierre Boulle (255 pp.; *Vanquard*: \$3.95), proves once again that French Novelist Boulle owes his fictional allegiance to a one-track mind—his own. His only weapon is irony; his heroes seem forever doomed to self-deceit, to rationalizing their weaknesses until they seem like virtues. In *The Bridge over the River Kwai*, a Colonel Blimp hurt his own, his men's and his nation's cause by raising boneheadedness to the level of character. In *Face of a Hero*, a lawyer transformed personal cowardice into a basis for public esteem. In the present book, a Free French intelligence agent turns traitor and yet convinces himself that he has won a personal badge of courage.

Author Boulle served as a Free French agent himself during World War II and spent two years in a Vichy prison after he mistook an enemy for a De Gaulle man. So Boulle knows the background of his latest non-hero, Lieut. Cousin, an intellectual, successful novelist and critic, who has delusions of heroism even as his unit is put to rout by the Germans. Running away, he still sees himself stemming the retreat, and when he reaches England in a small boat, he has no trouble seeing himself as an intelligence man who can confound the enemy. His boss, a psychiatrist in civilian life, gives him his chance.

But Cousin fails, and at the first threat of torture, he sells out to the Germans. He also kills his accomplice, who survived torture but had the bad luck to witness Cousin's cowardice. Working for the enemy, Cousin can still surround himself with the illusion of righteousness. His now deranged mind pretends that his cowardice was really a means of making himself more useful to France. He ranges from total fear to fantastic visions of capturing Hitler through bril-

liant trickery. The Germans bully him, despise him, and drive him relentlessly toward deeper betrayals.

The trouble is that Cousin is really too easy a mark for Author Boule. Like many a modern novelist, he has made the mistake of trying to tell a story while at the same time unraveling a psychological case history. The story is interesting and suspenseful enough. But the psychological explanation of Agent Cousin's case, as offered by the psychiatrist, is altogether too glib: "An intellectual . . . I summed him up correctly."

THE GRAPES OF PARADISE, by H. E. Bates (239 pp.; Atlantic-Little, Brown; \$3.75), recalls the fact that a good storyteller will draw a face that at first seems dull, then beguile his readers with the history of its lines. Author Bates (*The Darling Buds of May*) draws such faces in this collection of four novellas, but then spins stories that merely confirm the first impression. It is a little hard to tell why—the prose is reeled off smoothly enough, the characters are credible and their involvements follow sound, conservative lines.

The title novella is a routine tale of Papeete, the sort of thing that had considerable power in the hands of its originator, but which in the present imitation is just one more slice of Maugham's apple pie. The narrator sees a man with a livid knife scar and eyes "savage . . . with blind melancholy" standing in a downpour of rain, oblivious to his surroundings. Of course the derelict tells his story, and of course it involves a trip to the South Seas to cure troubled nerves, the narcosis of the islands (two weeks is too much and a year is not enough), a futile affair with a native girl, a shark, a haunted soul. As Bates writes it, this is the sort of romance that women's-magazine editors commission to lure the husband vote.



AUTHOR VON KLEIST
Greater than he reads?

Spelled Out in Blood

THE MARQUISE OF O—AND OTHER STORIES (318 pp.)—Heinrich von Kleist—Criterion (\$5).

The Marquise was clearly pregnant, but she didn't know how she had gotten that way. Hers was not the usual fault of having been too generous to too many men. She was a virtuous Italian lady of noble birth, a gentle widow and devoted mother. Her father, mother and doctor were not amused when she denied having entertained any man, and a midwife sternly reminded her that only the Virgin Mary had been raised above the law of nature. Whereupon the baffled Marquise put an ad in the paper, described her predicament and asked any man to come forward who might be responsible. When the man shows up, with an explanation of the mystery, no reader will be unduly surprised—or sorry.

The Marquise of O—was not popular in its day, and neither was its author, Heinrich von Kleist. He was a sickly, unprepossessing young German who had gone into the Prussian army like his father before him, but quit to the disgust of his family at the age of 21. After years as an itinerant student, he began to write a series of plays which his contemporaries were hardly aware of but were praised by later critics. One of the plays was burned by Goethe, who threw the manuscript into his stove because of its "damnable perversity." In all of Von Kleist's work he saw "a body well planned by nature, tainted with an incurable disease." Whatever the taint was, it was fatal. Von Kleist, whose own letters almost certainly prove that he was a homosexual, had a weakness for death pacts. In 1811, at 34, he made one with a married woman and carried it out near Berlin by shooting first her and then himself.

What critics exhume is seldom the writer who was buried. Where Goethe found perversity and disease, critics today find "true greatness," "a hero of the modern spirit," a precursor of Stendhal, Freud, D. H. Lawrence and Franz Kafka. Thomas Mann, Germany's greatest 20th century novelist, calls Von Kleist in the preface (written in 1955) to this book a "storyteller of the very first order." In this first English translation of his collected stories, the proofs are not always convincing. The compulsive violence that runs through these tales (notably *Michael Kohlhaas*, *The Earthquake in Chile*) is not odd in a man writing during the Napoleonic years. What is strange to find in a writer who is claimed by moderns is the crass hand of coincidence in the place of credible invention, the tears that stain letters, the use of brutalized detail in place of character-building.

Author Von Kleist has the true storyteller's instinct, and most of the time he does out such strong stuff as keeps the pages turning. That would be tribute enough. To credit him with insights he did not have is to play the familiar critics' game of he's-greater-than-he-reads.



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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Spartacus. Hollywood has taken the old formula of brawn (Kirk Douglas championing Rome's oppressed) and sex (Jean Simmons swimming in the nude) and added both heart and brain to this massive epic. Thanks to the sharp eye of Director Stanley Kubrick, the literary bent of Scenarist Dalton Trumbo and good performances by Laurence Olivier, Charles Laughton and Peter Ustinov, *Spartacus* adds up to an impressive piece of movie-making despite its obeisance to commercialism.

Sunrise at Campobello. As in his play, Dore Schary enshrines Franklin Roosevelt but also provides a stirring, often heavily sentimental drama.

The Entertainer. England's John Osborne has provided Laurence Olivier an ideal vehicle. If a seedy music hall performer seems an inadequate symbol for all England's ills, he is, as Olivier plays him, fascinating in and of himself.

The World of Apu. Satyajit Ray completes his uncompromising and unadorned naturalistic trilogy about Indian life, giving proof that he has risen to a control of the film medium that places him among the best directors in the world.

TELEVISION

Tues., Oct. 25

John Brown's Raid (NBC, 10-11 p.m.).^{*} A re-enactment of history, directed by Sidney Lumet, taped on location at Harpers Ferry, W. Va., and starring James Mason.

The Garry Moore Show (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Guests: Patti Page and Tony Randall.

Wed., Oct. 26

Perry Como's Kraft Music Hall (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Guests: Jane Powell, Thelma Ritter and Andy Williams. Color.

Tomorrow (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A new series that will explore current and future scientific achievements. First program, "The Thinking Machine," reports on progress with computers that can write TV plays and win at checkers.

Thurs., Oct. 27

The Witness (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Re-enactment of the case of Charles Becker, the New York City police lieutenant electrocuted in 1915 for the murder of Gambler Herman Rosenthal. As played by Nehemiah Persoff, Becker will be put on the griddle by real lawyers in a simulated investigation.

CBS Reports (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Second program in the series, "Money and the Next President" explores the complex finances behind the country's daily living, including excerpts from speeches by Nixon, Kennedy and others.

The Ford Show (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Tennessee Ernie Ford, featuring the Top Twenty singing group and Guest Chiff Arquette.

A Date with Debbie (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). For her first show, Debbie Reynolds has Walter Brennan and Carl Reiner as two of her guests.

^{*} All times E.D.T. through Oct. 29; E.S.T. thereafter.

Fri., Oct. 28

Family Classics (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The first show in a new David Susskind series is Part One of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, with Michael Rennie, Maureen O'Hara and Zachary Scott.

The Bell Telephone Hour (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). "One Nation Indivisible," a program of American music, stars Robert Preston, Mahalia Jackson, Peter Palmer and others. Color.

Eyewitness to History (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). The week's major news story, as viewed around the world.

Sat., Oct. 29

N.C.A.A. Football Game (ABC, afternoon). Depending on where you live, it is Ohio State at Michigan, California at Oregon, L.S.U. at Mississippi.

Family Classics (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Part Two of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*.

The Campaign and the Candidates (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Progress report on the presidential campaign.

Sun., Oct. 30

Face the Nation (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Jack Kennedy.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). "The Violent World of Sam Huff" explores the life of a pro football veteran, the star of the New York Giants.

An Hour with Danny Kaye (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Danny's first strictly entertainment television show, with Louis Armstrong.

G.E. Theater (CBS, 9-9:30 p.m.). Hugh O'Brian and Stella Stevens star as the city slicker and his backwoods belle in William Faulkner's "The Graduation Dress."

Mon., Oct. 31

Presidential Countdown (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). Campaign reports from Walter Cronkite and others.

THEATER

On Broadway

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May. After club, record, radio and TV success, Mike and Elaine are proving that the vials of their humor are full enough to intoxicate a Broadway theater. While there are rough edges in their portrayals of mother and son, brother and sister, lover and mistress, P.T.A. chairman and guest speaker, they are hilarious often enough.

A Taste of Honey. This earthy drama about a desperately lonely girl who takes love—and the resultant misery—where she can find it, written by Shelagh Delaney when only 19, has turned out to be one of the season's first dramatic hits. The dialogue is true and the lead performance by Jean Plowright uncannily apt.

Irma La Douce. A French musical as fetching and airy as a bouffant petticoat stars Elizabeth Seal, who convinces with her singing and dancing that she can really do no wrong, despite her role as a prostitute.

The Hostage. by Brendan Behan, holds an English soldier—and the audience—captive, while his Irish characters run the emotional gamut from bawdy irreverence to keening Irish lyricism.

Notable among holdovers from last season are **The Miracle Worker**, **Toys in the Attic**, **Bye Bye Birdie**.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Last of the Just, by André Schwarz-Bart. A panoramic, quasi-epic novel of Jewish suffering from medieval pogroms to Nazi crematoriums, in which the descriptions of martyrdom are eloquent and touching, and answers to the question, "What is a Jew?" are largely existential.

Portrait of Max, by S. N. Behrman. A fond, endearing portrait of Sir Max Beer-bom, whom the author met in Rapallo during the sixth decade of that semipiternal Edwardian's self-declared old age.

The Sabres of Paradise, by Lesley Blanch. This history of Russia's struggles to subdue the wild tribesmen of the Caucasus in the 19th century is hardly an orderly chronicle, but its digressions are fascinating, and its heroes are thundering horsemen and high-bouncing lovers.

The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich, by William L. Shirer. This massive history by a veteran reporter holds the reader's interest to the Wagnerian end.

The Nephew, by James Purdy. The author achieves eerie effects with clear, simple prose in this impressive novel about an elderly Ohio woman who makes the mistake of looking too deeply into the life of a soldier nephew who has died.

The Child Buyer, by John Hersey. In an acid satire, the author jousts tellingly with most of the fatuities of the age.

Rome for Ourselves, by Aubrey Menen. A fond, witty polemic on Rome's *dolce vita*, ancient and modern.

The Worlds of Chippy Patterson, by Arthur H. Lewis. A biography notable for its flamboyant subject—a high-living Main Line lawyer who delighted in defending the justly or unjustly accused, as long as they were penniless or of bad repute.

The Trial Begins, by Abram Tertz. A bitter and brilliant novel, smuggled from Russia, mocking the Soviet monolith.

Victory in the Pacific, by Samuel Eliot Morison. The last volume of narrative in this masterly history of U.S. naval operations in World War II.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Advise and Consent*, Drury (1)*
2. *Hawaii*, Michener (2)
3. *The Leopard*, Di Lampedusa (3)
4. *The Lovely Ambition*, Chase (6)
5. *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Lee (4)
6. *The Chapman Report*, Wallace (5)
7. *Mistress of Mellyn*, Holt (9)
8. *The Child Buyer*, Hersey (10)
9. *The Last Temptation of Christ*, Kazantzakis (8)
10. *Diamond Head*, Gilman (7)

NONFICTION

1. *The Waste Makers*, Packard (5)
2. *Born Free*, Adamson (1)
3. *Taken at the Flood*, Gunther (3)
4. *Kennedy or Nixon: Does It Make Any Difference?*, Schlesinger
5. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (6)
6. *The Conscience of a Conservative*, Goldwater (8)
7. *The Politics of Upheaval*, Schlesinger
8. *The Liberal Hour*, Galbraith (9)
9. *How I Made \$2,000,000 in the Stock Market*, Darvas (2)
10. *Enjoy, Enjoy!* Golden (4)

* Position on last week's list.

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